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Kings & 100's

AUGUST 25, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 8 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

One of the challenges of covering a national political convention is to provide TIME's readers with a behind-the-scenes sense of the clash of principles and the interplay of personalities that take place on and off the podium. To help with this task, TIME holds a series of on-the-record breakfasts and lunches with important figures in the convening party. Thus when the Democrats gathered in New York City last week, six of their leaders were invited to the dining rooms atop the Time & Life Building by Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald, TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave and Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan. Vice President Walter Mondale was witty and articulate despite the sore throat that also made his acceptance speech sound a bit scratchy. Hamilton Jordan, deputy chairman of Carter's re-election committee, was visibly more confident, poised and worldly than at a similar lunch in the same room four years ago. Carter Re-Election Chairman Robert Strauss was a lively storyteller despite the early hour and an almost around-the-clock schedule. White House Pollster Patrick Caddell still talked revealingly about what the numbers told of Carter—good and bad. Arizona Congressman Morris Udall was still the party peacemaker on the morning after delivering the convention's keynote speech. Rosalynn Carter was gracious but tenacious over coffee, as she defended her husband's record.

DIANA WALKER

Rosalynn Carter welcomed by Ogden and Duncan

Said Washington News Editor R. Edward Jackson, who with White House Correspondent Christopher Ogden and TIME's Katharine McNevin was responsible for setting up the meetings: "These affairs have both advantages and hazards. The guest is there long enough so that you can really develop a theme. But you have to be careful not to be too polite. You must not let yourself be overwhelmed by the guest, who after all is trying to get across a point of view by what he or she is telling you." As Robert Strauss put it over his French toast, "I say what's on my mind, but I sometimes don't say everything that's on my mind. Sometimes I talk too much, but it's very rare that I *say* too much." Strauss's claim notwithstanding, the guests' remarks helped shape and illuminate this week's stories on the convention. Similar opportunities to measure up close the personalities and views of major political figures will help shape TIME's coverage of the 1980 campaign right up to Election Day.

John a. Meyer

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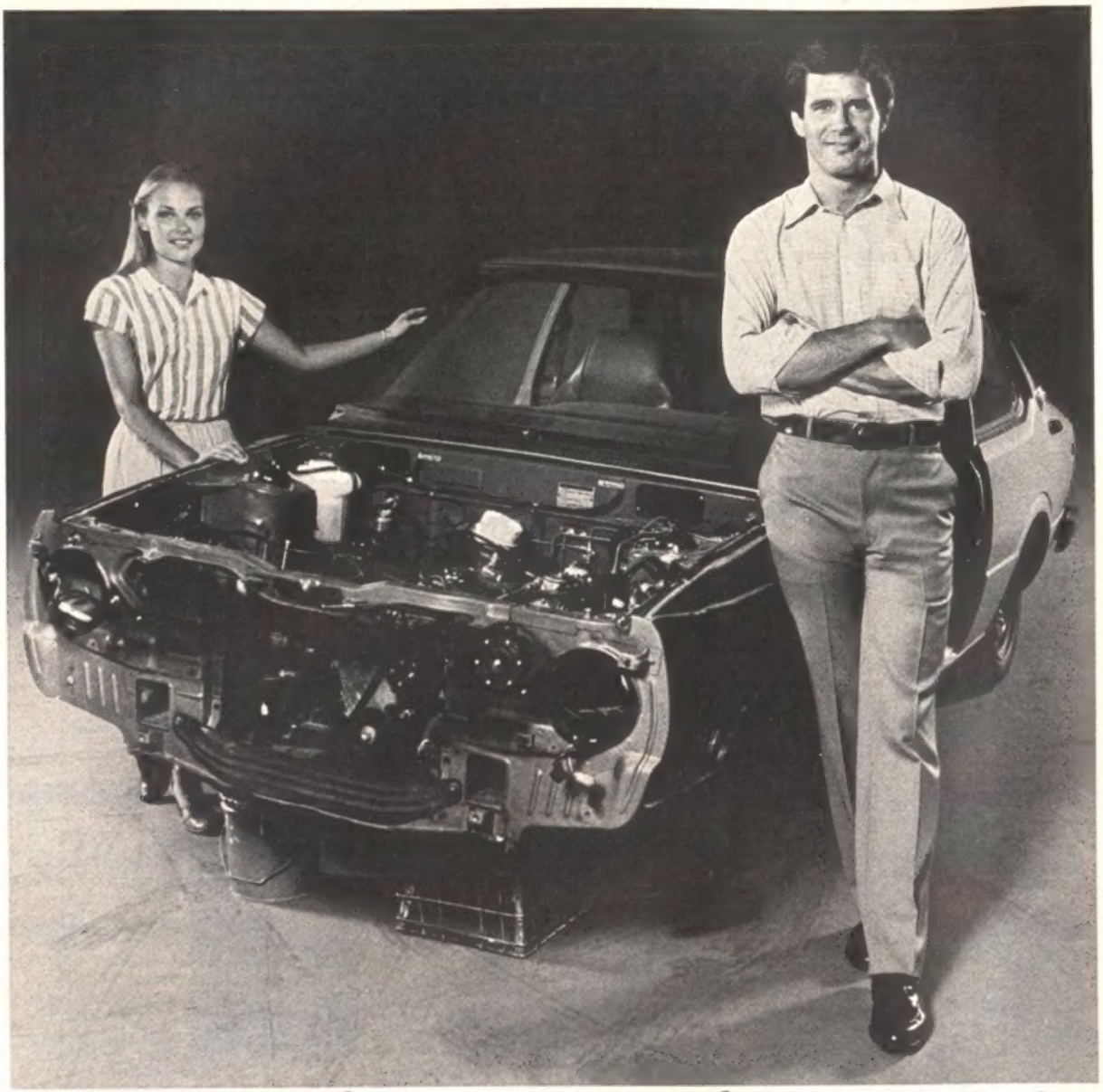

Introducing the 1980 Fraudmobile.

Among the 1.1 million cars stolen last year was a growing fleet of Fraudmobiles...vehicles like the one you see above.

Some car owners, you see, keep pace with inflation by having their cars dismantled in whole or part. Then they hide the remains,

collect the claims... and do a reassembly.

Others solve the energy crisis by hiring a "torch" to roast their gas-guzzler and then put in for a total loss.

These are only two ways owners pocket millions annually in illicit payments and drive up auto rates for everybody.[1]

Is anyone out there tempted to join them? Ætna Life & Casualty offers a few words of warning.

We're participating with other insurers in the National Automobile Theft Bureau, whose central computer doggedly sniffs out Fraudmobile traffic.

Over the past two years, we've devoted ourselves to seminars which help John Law pinpoint Fraudmobile owners.[2]

And along with using "fraud profiles,"[3] we're offering cash rewards to our 37,000 employees for information leading to the recovery of stolen vehicles.

More can be done. It should be. *It will be!*[4] Because neither you nor Ætna wants to see a day when insuring your car might cost more than paying for it.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] Another popular technique is the "paper" car—a phantom automobile registered and insured solely to be reported stolen, then collected on. Thanks to such methods, auto theft *in general* is accelerating at over 10% a year, and cost Americans $2 billion plus in 1979.

[2] Ætna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

[3] A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the insurance policy's effective date? Or was it *not* reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets hoisted.

[4] Ætna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates.

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Letters

That Kid Brother

To the Editors:

It is unthinkable that this country would allow its attention to be diverted from the crucial issues generated by an election year and focus instead on the shenanigans of the President's foolish brother [Aug. 4].

Marcia Montesinos
Marietta, Ga.

It's a shame Presidents can't put their brothers in a blind trust the way they do their businesses.

Floye Jackson
San Jose, Calif.

Anyone who finds it hard to believe that the President "can't control Billy" doesn't have a brother or sister.

Anne Quinn Ulseth
Minneapolis

The politicians may dub it Billygate, but poor Jimmy ends up being the Billy goat.

Charles G. Gessner
Knoxville, Tenn.

Billy hasn't disgraced the White House and the country; Jimmy has already taken care of that.

Brett J. Robinson
Fort Collins, Colo.

Does Ronald Reagan also have a brother?

Gene Kearns
Winter Park, Fla.

Yes. Older Brother Neil, 71, a retired advertising executive now living near San Diego. He has never caused any political embarrassment for Ronald.

Olympian View

I concur with Roger Rosenblatt's Essay on the intimate relationship between politics and sport in the Olympic Games [Aug. 4]. But I regret the omission of any reference to the wealthy and flamboyant Athenian politician Alcibiades. He had entered seven teams in the chariot race of the 416 B.C. Olympics. Accused of personal extravagance, Alcibiades pointed out that his winning of first, second and fourth places served to convince Athens' enemies that the city was "even greater than it really is because of the splendid show I made as its representative." Certainly a familiar ring there.

Bruce Macbain, Professor
Boston University
Boston

You say the connection between morality and sport, and politics and sport has never been in doubt. It may be true that mixing politics and sport may be historical and even inevitable—that does not make it morally acceptable.

Glyn Davis
Sydney

How ironic: the vanquished nations of World War II chose to support the U.S. Olympic boycott, whereas those nations for whom so much was sacrificed, Britain and France, decided to go on to Moscow and relive the folly of their pre–World War II acquiescence.

Taras B. Myhowych
Rochester

Not only was the American boycott a gift to Soviet propaganda but it will also allow Misha to boast, "I finally scared them off."

George Driras
Athens

You indicate that the boycott is "honorable" while extensively reporting the Olympic results. How can the media's freedom to report the Olympics be greater than our athletes' rights to participate in them?

Stuart F. Winikoff
Pittsburgh

Participating in an event may or may not be honorable. Ignoring what is taking place would be bad journalism.

The Shah's Death

The Shah's end may have been "far from princely" [Aug. 4], but the last chapter will be best remembered for the noble gesture of Sadat, who has set an example for all the world.

Renelon Rebello
Düsseldorf, West Germany

Would the Shah have died any sooner if he had gone home and faced the music?

Gordon Whatley
Verdun, Que.

Reagan's Sincerity

You do Governor Reagan a great disservice [July 28]. I am an actor of some years' experience and I assure you that Reagan was completely sincere in his acceptance speech. He was not acting, and even as a Democrat I was most moved.

Keenan Wynn
Los Angeles

It is ironic that Reagan quoted Thomas Paine because he will be inflicting Pain on Americans if he becomes President.

Merrick Shor
Chicago

Pain in the Back

The brief but generally accurate references to the chiropractic profession in your cover story, "That Aching Back!" [July 14] are appreciated, but chiropractic is more than "manipulation."

Practitioners consider man as an integrated being, but give special attention to spinal mechanics, musculoskeletal, neurological, vascular, nutritional and environmental relationships. The profession has not espoused the monocausal theory that "illnesses can usually be traced to misalignments in the spinal column" for many years.

Edwin Kenrick, D.C., President
American Chiropractic Association
Des Moines

While I did indeed say that "so far, there is no scientific evidence that manipulation is better for a [back] patient than whistling *Dixie*," this comment by itself could be easily misunderstood. Permit me to add that the innumerable reports of favorable results from manipulation by skilled clinicians and grateful patients demand that this therapy be scientifically evaluated. In fact, such testimonials must be considered the preliminary evidence for suggesting the timeliness of a properly designed clinical trial of manipulation.

Murray Goldstein, D.O., M.P.H.
Deputy Director, National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke
Bethesda, Md.

Herpes' Human Side

Your article on herpes simplex [July 28], while accurate insofar as the clinical experience of the disease is concerned, presented an overly pessimistic portrayal of its human dimensions. Certainly having herpes is annoying and at times inconvenient; but to suggest that incessant guilt, shame, depression and suicidal feelings are anything more than exceptions —rare exceptions—is to emphasize the exceptions at the expense of the rule.

Carla F. Hines
Samuel R. Knox
American Social Health Association
Palo Alto, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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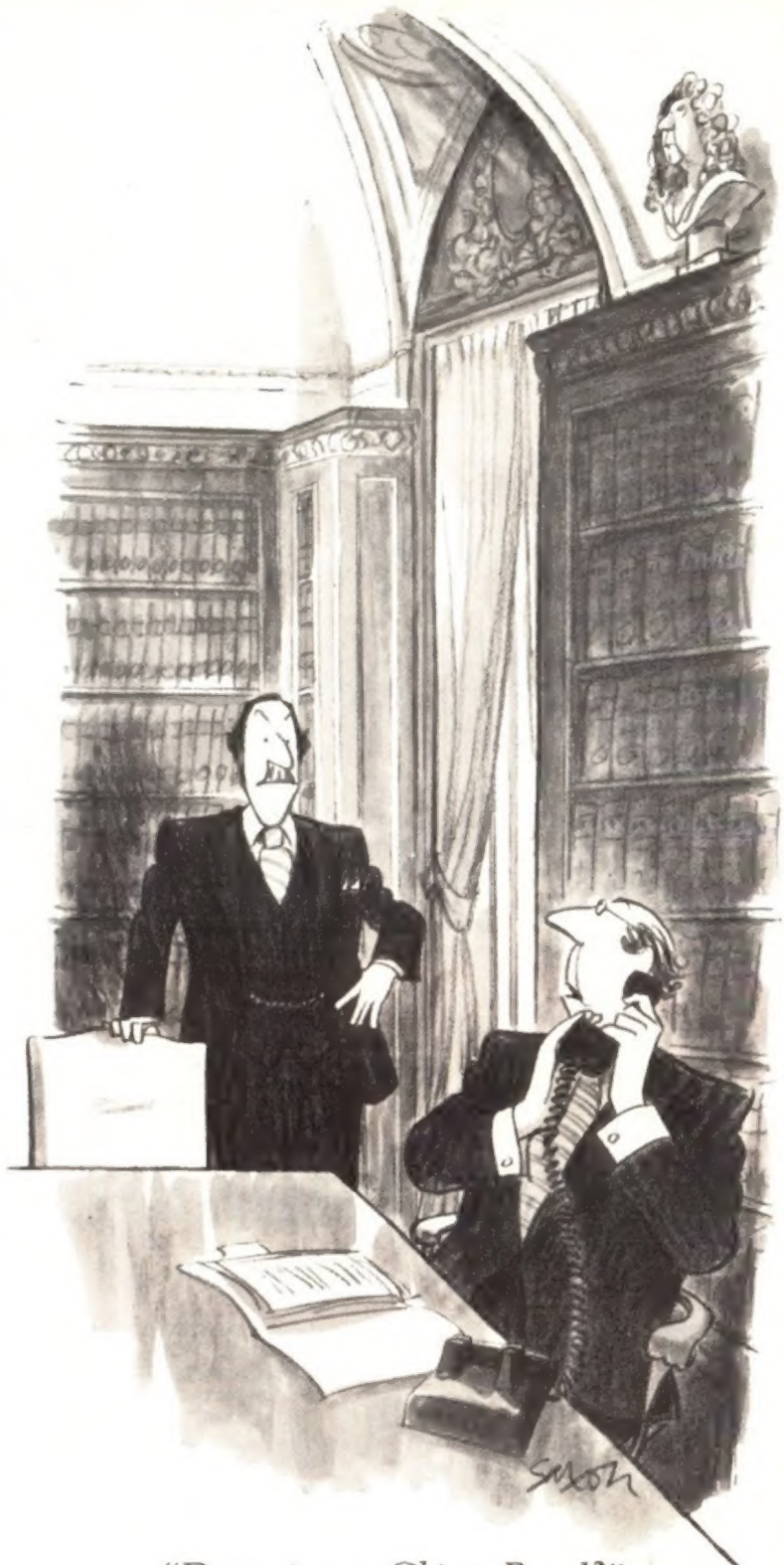

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Ready for Reagan: Walter Mondale and Jimmy Carter raising hands in the traditional victory salute after their renominations KATZ—BLACK STAR

COVER STORIES

TIME/AUGUST 25, 1980

Carter: Running Tough

Overcoming Kennedy, the President starts his hot pursuit of Reagan

IT BEGINS. Every four years, America's two major political parties materialize in tandem conventions that form the proscenium for the presidential campaign to come. Some argue that these outbursts of ritual and oratory are anachronisms as doomed as dinosaurs. But as this and the following stories show, New York was a vital festival for the Democrats last week. Myths were made and unmade, plinths erected, men and women tested, principles examined and policies established—all essential ingredients to getting the show on the road.

The spotlights picked him out first, a slim figure proceeding to the dais through a darkened Madison Square Garden. Jimmy Carter was about to give a speech crucial to his hopes for staying in the White House. Not since Harry Truman had a President received such a grudging, unenthusiastic nomination from a Democratic Convention—and Carter was starting from an even lower rating in the polls than Truman had carried into that campaign of 1948. The President had to set both a tone and a theme for his own uphill race, and he had to do it immediately.

The tone he was able to attain, by adopting Truman's give-'em-hell style. Perspiration pouring from his face, his voice hoarse, his eyes coldly angry, Carter gave a shouting stump speech unlike almost any he has delivered before, in content as well as manner. It was a headlong assault on his rival, Ronald Reagan, depicting him as a dweller in "a world of tinsel and make-believe" who would "launch an all-out nuclear arms race" and start "an attack on everything that we've done in the achievement of social justice and decency in the last 50 years." The nation, Carter cried, faces "a choice between two futures": a Democratic future of "security and justice and peace" and a Reaganite future of "despair . . . surrender . . . risk."

Hail to the loser: Carter applauding Kennedy at the closing-the-ranks, marred by the Senator's reserved demeanor

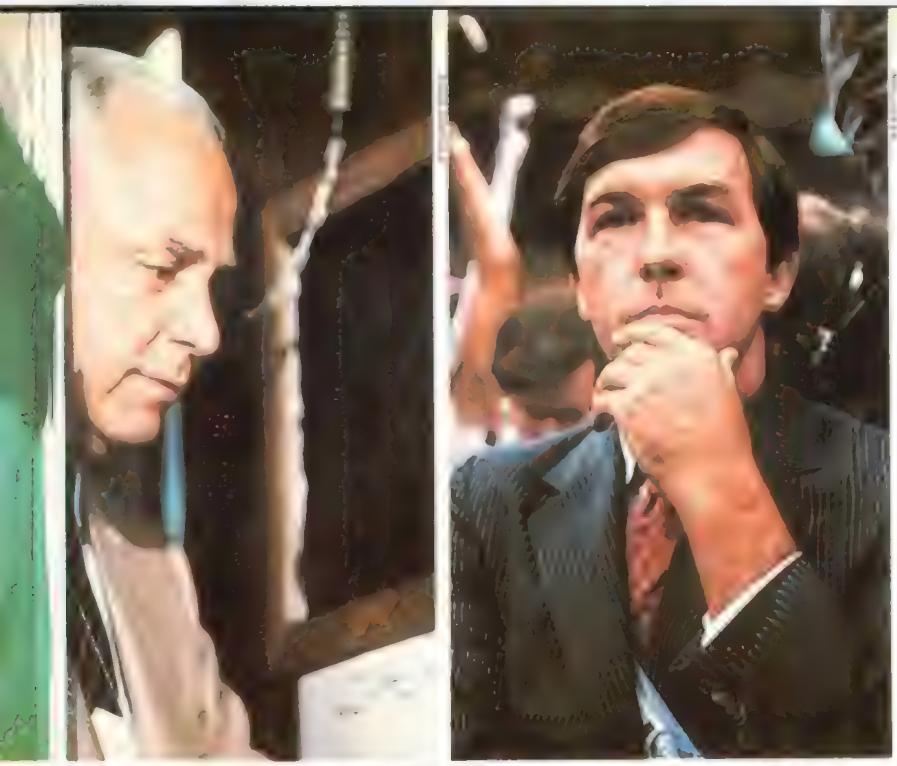
PIZARRO—GAMMA/LIAISON

With that blast began the final phase of the 1980 campaign: eleven weeks that seem sure to be loud, bitter, angry. The denunciations of Reagan will be echoed endlessly by Carter and other Democratic orators throughout the fall. Carried too far, the personal attacks might backfire and make Reagan a sympathetic figure. The G.O.P., meanwhile, will be characterizing the President's tenure in the White House as 3½ years of blundering incompetence. Says one Carter aide: "This campaign is going to be very messy, horribly bruising."

Especially so, perhaps, because Carter's acceptance speech Thursday night succeeded, to the extent it did, primarily as a get-them-scared-of-Ronnie exercise. It failed, painfully, to achieve what the President's own staff had said would be its equally essential aim: communicating to all of America a vision of his goals that would lead and inspire the nation. While painting, in broad strokes rich with hyperbole, a gloomy picture of a Reaganite America, Carter described the Democratic promised land only in vague—or at times excessively technical—platitudes. Not even the delegates who had nominated him the night before, or the Carter supporters who packed the hall, appeared really moved. Their cheers on occasion seemed merely dutiful—a not unpleasant ritual diligently performed. At other times, it was his fighting spirit that seemed to rouse them, not his words.

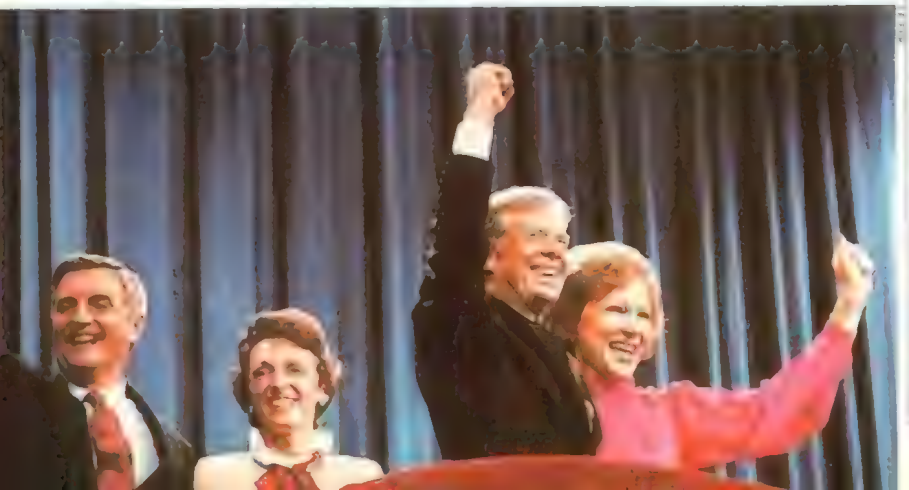
For Democrats, the evening was not a happy opening to the campaign: their nominee did not match Reagan's forceful yet restrained address at the close of the Republican Convention four weeks ago. An even more painful contrast for the Carterites was their candidate's failure to come anywhere near equaling the remarkable performance two evenings earlier of the man he had beaten for the nomination: Ted Kennedy. His strong, mellifluous voice ringing through the Garden, Kennedy had summoned the party to keep faith with its liberal past and the disadvantaged for whom it has traditionally spoken. Stirring memories of the New Deal and New Frontier glory days, he set off a 43-minute, dancing-in-the-aisles demonstration that far exceeded in noise and enthusiasm anything the Carterites could stage. It was a purely emotional, if not mindless phenomenon. To the assembled delegates, it made little difference that many of the big spending programs he advocated seemed more responsive to the problems of the '60s, or even the '30s, than of the '80s. On this one night he was their man, and they cheered his every word.

The practical effect of the speech was nil: Kennedy had withdrawn his name from nomination the night before, after losing a rules fight that ended his last chance of prying loose a sufficient number of the 1,982 delegates Carter had won in primaries and caucuses. But the fervor of Kennedy's supporters demonstrated a severe problem, not only for Carter but for all Democrats. The party is searching for, and has not found a new role and a new voice. While its primary votes went to Carter, whose conservative economic policies caused Kennedy to jeer at him as "a clone of Ronald Reagan," the hearts of many of its activists still belong to the old-fashioned liberalism. After the Kennedy demonstration, delegates whooped through by voice vote several of the Senator's economic planks that seem out of touch with the realities of inflation and the mood of the country, including a call for a $12 billion jobs program that Carter had warned he could not accept. The Senator himself won 1,146.5 votes on the final roll call, to Carter's 2,129, an un-



Strategists Robert Strauss and Hamilton Jordan monitoring proceedings on the floor

Strauss, Carter and Consumer Aide Esther Peterson watch win on TV; victorious foursome



heard-of performance for a man whose name was never formally placed in nomination, and who officially released his delegates to vote as they pleased before the ballot.

By convention's end, Carter seemed to be fretting nervously over the degree of support he would get from Kennedy. In his acceptance speech, he appeared almost to plead for his rival's backing. Kennedy responded with what seemed a notable lack of charity. Though he refrained from criticizing the President, his formal endorsement was brief ("I will support and work for the re-election of President Carter"), his ritual appearance with Carter on the rostrum after the acceptance speech Thursday night was perfunctory —even strained—and his expression on that traditionally happy occasion was reserved and aloof.

Will Kennedy and his admirers be similarly aloof during the campaign? That was the key question the convention did not answer. It was not a rancorous gathering, certainly not by the standards of such Democratic donnybrooks as those of 1948 and 1968. Indeed, it mildly disappointed some Reagan aides who had been hoping for an angry and divisive brawl. Only during the opening-night rules debate did Carter and Kennedy partisans exchange catcalls. The seemingly endless platform arguments that followed were conducted with a fair show of civility by speakers who rarely stirred passion, or even attention.

Nonetheless, many Kennedy delegates went home resigned to voting for Carter but unsure themselves of whether they could work for him with any degree of enthusiasm. That will probably be determined by how successful the President is in portraying Reagan as a specter. One major reason for the anti-Reagan strategy that will be the heart of the Democratic campaign is to impose on a party that could achieve little positive unity a kind of negative unity: denunciations of Reagan are one thing, and perhaps the only thing, that nearly all Democrats can agree on.

The approach just might work. Even Reagan's own strategists do not expect his big lead in the public opinion polls —28 points just after the Republican Convention—to last for long. Indeed, they would not be surprised to see it cut in half by Labor Day. Pat Caddell, Carter's pollster, told TIME editors at lunch last week that "we may come out of this convention less than ten points behind, and I would prefer to come out ten to 15 points down—far enough down where we are clearly the underdog and Reagan is clearly on top." In that case, he thinks, voters will focus on Reagan rather than Carter and will not like what they see: "On an ideological scale of one to seven, from very liberal to very conservative, the distance between where the voters place themselves and where they put Reagan is very great. He is quite to the extreme right. Carter is much closer to the average vot-

er. One of the things that I am much surprised by is the enormous doubt that exists about Ronald Reagan." As the oratory thunders toward its November climax, Democratic planners have high hopes that millions of traditional party voters, frightened by visions of Reagan, the ideologue, and viewing a vote for Independent Candidate John Anderson as a ballot thrown away, will return, however grudgingly, to the fold. One politician unimpressed by the likelihood of any such Democratic unity is Ronald Reagan. Said he last weekend: "I shall forever remember the final scene that night when the Senator from Massachusetts joined the President on the platform. If that's the best they can do in unity, they have a long way to go."

But as Carter tries to pull a Truman against a formidable opponent with a well-defined appeal, his problem is not simply that he projects an image of faltering leadership: the party he is trying to lead is itself in trouble. In Congress, the days of comfortable Democratic majorities may be past. A July poll showed the public favoring Republican congressional candidates over Democrats for the first time since 1952, 47% to 43%. The Democratic majority of 116 in the House could easily be reduced by 30 to 50 seats, and some Democratic leaders are afraid that a landslide Reagan victory might even cost them control of the House they have held since 1954. Democratic control of the Senate is also threatened; a shift of nine seats would hand over power to the Republicans for the first time since '54. Enough Democratic seats are in real danger to make that a distinct possibility.

Closer to the grass roots, Democrats now hold 67 of the nation's 98 partisan state legislative chambers. But their margins in many are so thin that this fall they could lose control of the majority of the chambers for the first time since the New Deal. This is an especially ominous prospect for the Democrats, since legislators elected Nov. 4 will draw new lines for their own and congressional districts based on results of the 1980 census—and Republicans are as skilled as Democrats in gerrymandering districts to ensure the maximum number of future seats for their party.

These immediate threats at the polls reflect long-range and fundamental problems for the party. After dominating American politics for most of the past half-century, the Democrats are in substantial disarray. In one mid-1979 poll, only 38% of the people questioned thought of themselves as Democrats, down from 51% as recently as November 1976 (24% thought of themselves as Republicans). The party's long-dominant ideology of Government social activism is rejected as passé or even dangerous by many; 42% of voters polled by Yankelovich, Skelly & White Inc. in May called themselves conservatives, while only 15% were self-proclaimed liberals.

Amid these changing patterns the party's leaders have been unable to define a new faith. The political swing to the right in the country has caught the Democrats off guard and off base. After studying recent data on the party's voters, Presidential Pollster Caddell was startled to discover that "if you look at Democrats on issues today compared to 1976, you will find that they looked like sort of moderate Republicans back in 1976."

Other factors have been at work. Since 1972, a series of reforms diffusing power in the Democratic Party has hurt its effectiveness. Says Nelson Polsby, a professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley: "The fundamental thing that has happened

Carter symbol floats over the convention

But some cheers seemed merely dutiful.

with this revolution of reforms is organizational: the party does not exist as an organizational force. It is not a question of the building being infested with termites, the termites are the building." Special-interest groups fight for their own causes, but not necessarily the full spectrum of the party platform. In such a situation, Democrats are having more and more difficulty holding the national party together. Says V. Lance Tarrance, a Houston-based Republican pollster: "The Democrats have trouble with supply lines. They can't reach out and win a Colorado or Texas with ease any more." Says George Christian, former press secretary to Lyndon Johnson and now a political consultant in Austin: "The sagebrush rebellion is for real."

Though the Democratic Party traces its ancestry to Thomas Jefferson, its modern shape was sculpted by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who transformed what had become a largely Southern party into a national coalition of all those who looked to Government to improve their lot in life: industrial workers, especially union members; big-city dwellers; the poor; blacks, Jews and other minorities; and liberal activists of every background. Oddly assorted though this grouping was (it included both the descendants of Southern slaveowners and the grandchildren of their slaves), the alliance held together for almost two generations. The nation struggled through the Depression, fought World War II and then embarked on a boom that tried with marked success to deliver, as promised, something for everybody.

The coalition reached its zenith in 1964, when the ultraconservatism of Barry Goldwater drove blocs of Democratic votes back to Lyndon Johnson in numbers that Roosevelt himself might have envied. L.B.J. took 94% of the black vote, 90% of the Jewish vote, 80% of the union vote—and 61.4% of the total vote. This coalition remains the core of Democratic voting strength today. As Hamilton Jordan, deputy campaign chairman, told TIME editors last week, "It's impossible for Democrats to win without a strong turnout from minorities. It's impossible for a Democrat to win a general election without labor support. It's impossible for a Democrat to win without the vote of Jewish Americans, and so forth."

That is precisely the trouble, since the coalition is no longer what it was. Inflation, recession and the pervasive uncertainties of the '70s have weakened the loyalty of many of its members. The South has been drifting away for decades: even Georgia-born Carter could take only 45% of its white votes in 1976; he won the region because a massive majority of the blacks supported his cause. But now a large number of blacks, dismayed that the civil rights crusade of the '60s and Carter's Administration have not done more to speed their economic and social progress, are threatening to stay away from the polls. While most union leaders swung into line last week behind Carter, blue-collar workers packed Serb Hall in Milwaukee last March to greet Candidate Reagan and cheer his attacks on Big Government with shouts of "Give 'em hell, Ronnie!"

Jews are afraid that Carter is trying too hard to work out an accommodation with the Arabs at the expense of Israel. To counter these fears, both Carter and Mondale pledged outspoken and undeviating support of Israel during their acceptance speeches, and the band played *Hava Nagila*, the traditional Jewish song of rejoicing. Yet, in these complicated times, there is the hazard that such pro-Israel demon-

strations will further anger Arab nations that the U.S. needs as friends—and thus give Carter more troubles.

Even if the Democratic coalition can be tugged back together, many of the party's basic elements are dwindling in numbers and clout. Union membership is declining, down from about a third of all nonfarm workers in the mid-'50s to less than a fourth today. Blue-collar workers are a shrinking minority of the work force (33%); white-collar workers have become an outright majority (51%). Fourteen of the 20 biggest U.S. cities, traditional Democratic strongholds, lost population during the 1970s, some drastically, as residents moved to the largely Republican suburbs. The cities that did gain in population tended to be in the Republican-dominated Sunbelt—Houston, Phoenix and San Jose, for example.

Jack Walsh, a Boston political consultant who was briefly a Carter campaign director last year, sums up: "If the coalition voted Democratic by the same percentage today that it did in F.D.R.'s era, it would amount to about 35% of the vote."

Nor has the party been able to find new loyalists to replace the defectors. In part, the Democrats have been the victims of their own success. They have enacted much of the classic liberal agenda—generous welfare plans, unemployment compensation, Social Security, Medicare, civil rights legislation. Some of the beneficiaries of these programs no longer consider themselves to be Democrats. Says Sol Chaikin, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union: "You have a group that has moved out of the proletariat into the broad middle class."

The Democrats have also been undermined by success in a more insidious way. Their decades of running Congress, most states and the White House have made them "the party of the Government," in the words of Texas Democratic Pollster George Shipley. So long as Government was presiding over a noninflationary boom that brought benefits to nearly everyone, that identification helped. But in an era of slow growth, energy shortages, persistent inflation, high taxes, unemployment and recurrent recession, the Democrats have been angrily attacked by members of the old coalition whose competing claims can no longer be reconciled. Says Convention Keynoter Morris Udall, who is now involved in a hot fight to hold on to his Arizona House seat: "I used to go home every election year and tell the senior citizens, 'We're going to increase Social Security benefits. Hurray for Udall and the Democratic Congress!' Now if we increase Social Security, the young people trying to raise a family say, 'What the hell is going on here? There's more money coming out of my paycheck. I can't stand it.' "

For many voters, Government now appears to be not an ally but an enemy whose tax-and-spend policies foster wilder and wilder roller-coaster rides of inflation and recession. With the nation turning against Big Government, the Democrats have run out of acceptable new ideas—their stock in trade for so long—because the ideas have always involved creation of an ever larger bureaucracy. Ironically, it is Ronald Reagan, with his nostalgic vision of a day when the individual was great and the Government small, who now appears as the innovator, proposing risky but exciting new courses—to cut taxes by 30% over the next three years, for example.

It will not be easy for the party to accommodate itself to these new trends. For many Democratic loyalists, any rightward shift looks like a betrayal of the party's commitment to the poor, to minorities, to all the disadvantaged. Nonetheless, the party is changing. After its emotional outburst for Kennedy, the convention nominated a President who has proposed limits on social spending and increases in defense outlays, appointed a Federal Reserve chairman who pushed interest rates to unheard-of levels, all but openly engineered a recession in order to slow inflation, and intends to campaign as an advocate of a balanced budget.

But what new positions can the Democrats develop for themselves? The convention gave no answer. There was constant, worried talk that the Democrats were "a party in transition" (New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley), "a party in an identity crisis" (Connecticut Representative Toby Moffett), "a party that is struggling to find its soul" (Massachusetts Lieutenant Governor Thomas P. O'Neill III). Says Eric Goldman, a former adviser to Lyndon Johnson: "The Democratic Party may have outlived its usefulness." Says Ramsey Clark, L.B.J.'s Attorney General: "The Democratic Party is a party in name only, not in shared belief."

Somehow the party must balance the new awareness of fiscal reality that even Kennedy delegates feel with the traditional commitment shared by Carterites that all Americans should have a fair chance to achieve the good life. If the party cannot yet communicate to the people a detailed program for achieving its vision, it at least must offer a firm sense that it knows where it wants to go. That was lacking last week.

The party obviously lacks the ideal leader to help it through this difficult period of transition. Jimmy Carter won the presidency by campaigning deliberately as an outsider—and he has remained one. Even if he wins a second term, he has no solid base in the party that would enable him to unify it behind his ideas. Looking to the future, Louis Koenig, a political scientist at New York University, says: "The hope for the Democratic Party is to become a party of issues—social, economic, foreign policy, inflation, energy, the dollar, health costs. But party leaders have not emphasized issues—they have stressed personalities."

A party unsure of its mission, rallying around its President unenthusiastically and telling the nation to vote for him primarily out of fear of his opponent, is hardly apt to inspire the electorate this fall. But whatever happens in November, it would be a gross mistake to count out the Democrats: witness all those obituaries of the Republican Party written at regular intervals from 1964 to as recently as 1976. The Democrats are still the majority party, a party open to bewilderingly diverse groups who somehow pull themselves together for one more election, and then another and another. Said Vice President Mondale last week: "This Democratic Convention is a mirror of all America—all of it, black and white, Asian and Hispanic, native and immigrant, male and female, young and old, urban and rural, rich and poor."

The Democrats' ability to stitch together an effective coalition, however, may not be limitless. Says Massachusetts Senator Paul Tsongas, a Kennedy supporter who nonetheless questions the traditional liberal philosophy: "I think there comes a swell of realities and eventually someone takes advantage of it. One of our parties is going to deal with those realities in very effective terms. And that party is going to be in power for a very long time." —*By George J. Church. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Christopher Ogden/New York*

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Madison Square Garden of Briars

The Democrats' show of unity left something to be desired

THE HAPPENING. Long on tradition but short on memory, every convention takes on a life all its own as it distills the passions and personalities that animate a national political party. Caught in television's klieg lights, these happenings at their best—and worst—illuminate the mood of America.

The green-bannered forces of Jimmy Carter flexed more muscle and organized brilliantly to prevail in New York City's Madison Square Garden. But the blue standards of Edward Kennedy waved in defiance, then blazed across the floor in a bittersweet celebration of the vanquished Senator's finest hour—an impassioned call to the Democratic Party not to abandon its compassionate past. The masterly address set even some Carter delegates to weeping. In a convention devoid of suspense but filled with personal drama, the President won renomination yet lost much of the glory to the man he so handily defeated.

Carter's quick knockout of his foe and Kennedy's retributive triumph came on the convention's first two days. By winning 24 primaries to Kennedy's ten, Carter had sent 1,982 delegates to New York, 316 more than required for the nomination. Not only were they unlikely to defect, but they would have been prohibited from doing so if the convention adopted a rule, proposed by the party's National Committee in 1978, requiring all delegates to cast their first roll call votes for the candidate to whom they had been committed. If he was to keep on pursuing the nomination, Kennedy had little choice but to try to block the adoption of this rule.

Try he did, and Carter set out to stop him by deploying the kind of forceful, efficient head counters and persuaders that he has never been able to muster while lobbying in Congress. Clad in green-and-white vests, fashioned from tablecloths, 128 Carter floor whips watched for any delegates who looked wobbly on the rule. In a three-hour rehearsal they had discovered that they could send orders to all the Carter delegates on the jammed floor within seven minutes. They had memorized the quickest routes through the nearly always clogged aisles to the alternate delegates seated in tiers above the floor. They had run through an imaginary roll call. They were in instant communication with the command trailers just off the convention floor. They were ready.

"Now is the hour," intoned Convention Chairman Tip O'Neill as the appointed time for the debate on the rule arrived on Monday night and the convention roared to life. With each speaker the blue and green signs waved wildly. Cheers, boos and catcalls accompanied arguments over what the Kennedy forces cleverly termed a demand to "open" the convention and the Carter supporters called the "faithful delegate" rule.

As the Carter and Kennedy whips worked for every vote, Illinois became a battleground. Chicago Mayor Jane Byrne had flown to New York expecting to switch some 30 of her state's 163 Carter delegates (the largest Carter contingent on the floor) to the Kennedy position on the rule. Her aides applied heavy pressure, for example offering Donna Matteo, 25, a city job if she switched. "But I worked for Carter. I was elected by people who voted for Carter, and I'm going to vote for Carter," she replied.

Secretary of Transportation Neil Goldschmidt, White House Chief of Staff Jack Watson and Eugene Eidenberg, who heads the Administration's relations with cities and states, all went to work on the Illinois delegates and doused what one of them called a "brushfire" of potential defection.

In the Louisiana delegation, Inez Fourcard, a black Carter delegate, told a reporter: "I'm for Carter, all right. But I've decided I'm against that rule. I don't want someone hanging over my head telling me what to do." A Carter whip overheard her remark. Suddenly, Chip Carter, the President's son, appeared at her seat and kindly offered to autograph her green Carter-Mondale poster. He wrote: "Thank you for your help on behalf of my father. With love, Chip Carter."

Fourcard, a young teacher, hugged the sign but made no promise to support Carter on the rule. Then Bernard Lee, a black floor leader for Carter, took a seat next to her and said, "If you're with us, we need you on the rule." Eventually she agreed: "I guess since I'm a Carter delegate, I'm going to vote with the Administration."

But then Bobby Kennedy Jr. rushed over to cajole Fourcard. "It took courage in the '60s to stand up for what you believe," he pleaded. "And it will take courage again today." Said the startled Fourcard as TV correspondents also zeroed in on the scene: "I don't understand. Why do people think my vote is so important?" Replied Bobby: "We need you. Vote your conscience." Bobby left, but Carter's man, Lee, stayed right next to her. Finally she reconfirmed her shaky decision: "I'm going the Carter way, I guess." She did.

When the roll call was taken, it was obvious that the Carter full-court press had been effective. Only one uncertainty remained. Some of the largest states, including those where Kennedy was strongest, had passed on the roll call. The Carter strategists assumed Kennedy was trying to confuse matters, seeking some kind of psychological edge.

Yet there was no Kennedy ploy. Watching three TV sets in a room at the Waldorf, a subdued Kennedy and his sisters were also puzzled as the states passed. They telephoned the Kennedy trailer at the Garden to inquire and were told: "They are just having trouble counting their people." Kennedy realized he was losing, but sounded relaxed. "I guess I had better get something to eat," he said and stepped across the hall for some roast lamb sent up by room service.

Pennsylvania's vote sealed Kennedy's fate. Its 83 votes against his position provided the winning majority. On the previous weekend, Carter Campaign Manager Robert Strauss had been worried enough about Pennsylvania to instruct a Carter whip working the delegation: "Tell them we'll yank them off the damned convention floor if they don't want to vote with us. Whip, whip, whip them into shape!" The final tally was 1,936.4 to 1,390.6 in favor of Carter's position on the rule—an unexpectedly comfortable margin of 545.8 votes.

At the Waldorf, Kennedy faced up to the end of his nearly ten-month quest for the presidential nomination. His top aides had considered what to do in case of a defeat on the rules fight. Kennedy had

The Garden turns lucky green for Carter and Mondale on their nomination night as jubilant delegates rejoice

BILL PIERCE

planned to issue a statement conceding that he no longer had a chance against Carter, yet let his name be placed in nomination nonetheless. But now he wandered back and forth between his family in one room and staff in another. Finally he made up his mind: "I think the right thing to do is to just get out. We carried it to the last possible point."

As his chief speechwriters, Carey Parker and Robert Shrum, began drafting a withdrawal statement, his sisters pored through a book of quotations looking for poetry appropriate to a losing situation. They could not find a suitable verse. Kennedy hit on one thought. "I want to start off thanking my delegates for their support," he said. Then he added: "Of course, Carter has more delegates to thank." Amid the laughter, his writers turned that idea into his opening line: "I'm deeply gratified by the support I received on the rules fight tonight [pause]

but not quite as gratified as President Carter."

Kennedy telephoned the President at Camp David to tell him that he planned to withdraw. The two talked for about four minutes. Said Carter: "I think we both waged good campaigns." Then Kennedy climbed up two flights of stairs to a Waldorf press room to read his withdrawal statement to some 100 reporters. "I'm a realist," he said. "And I know what this result means. The effort on the nomination is over."

"No, no, no!" shouted a few of Kennedy's volunteer workers. But that mood quickly shifted to a lighter one, as some chanted: "Eighty-four! Eighty-four!" The Senator smiled, waved his fist and left the room. One of Kennedy's friends later told him: "If you're right and you lose, you can feel good. If you're wrong and you lose, you feel terrible. You should feel good." Replied Kennedy: "Yes, but there's something to be

The Garden blossoms with blue as Senator Kennedy's supporters shout one last hurrah for their losing candidate

DIANA H. WALKER

said for being right and winning too."

Kennedy had every reason to be dispirited. But he had long contended that his sole reason for continuing the futile challenge to the President was to check what he saw as his party's drift toward conservative economic policies and away from its liberal social values. The Senator wanted one last fight over the economic planks in the party platform—and one last word in the debate about them.

In the speech he prepared for that Tuesday-night debate, Kennedy had included a paragraph of praise for Carter. But then he picked up a newspaper and read a comment by Hamilton Jordan, the President's deputy campaign chairman. "We could do it without him," Jordan had said of the campaign, "but it will be easier with him. He doesn't matter so much himself, but his people do." With that, Kennedy toned down his speech to only one mention of Carter, and the result was hardly an endorsement at all.

After running through the speech for parts of two days with a TelePrompTer in his hotel suite, Kennedy went to the Garden on Tuesday night and waited for 45 minutes in a holding room beneath the podium while other speakers talked to a bored hall of delegates. Fretted Kennedy: "No one is paying any attention." Counseled a friend: "Don't worry. They'll start paying attention when you come out."

That they did. Now the hall was Kennedy blue again as the Senator's supporters displayed their feelings for him, and Carter delegates generously let their foes have one last hurrah. After the ovation died away, Kennedy took command. Nearly each of the text's 150 well-paced sentences drew shouts, laughter or applause. Time and again came the chants: "We want Ted! We want Teddy!" He cut them off by rolling on into his text.

"I have come here tonight not to argue as a candidate but to affirm a cause . . . I speak out of a deep sense of urgency about the anguish and anxiety I have seen across America . . . We cannot let the great purposes of the Democratic Party become the bygone passages of history."

Kennedy's specific appeals were for programs both unrealistic and increasingly unpopular with many Americans. But on this night this audience, out of conviction or nostalgia, or a little of both, cheered his plea for national health insurance, environmental protection and his $12 billion federal jobs program ("We cannot solve problems by throwing money at them, but we dare not throw out our national problems onto a scrap heap of inattention and indifference").

In a lyrical sequence of scorn, Kennedy accurately quoted past statements of Ronald Reagan to support the charge that the Republican candidate is "no friend" of labor ("Unemployment insurance is a prepaid vacation plan for freeloaders"), the cities ("I have included in my morning and evening prayers every day the prayer that the Federal Govern-

ANDERSON—BLACK STAR

Two delegates at convention listening to the news of Kennedy's withdrawal

A smile and a happy headline for Carter; New Jersey delegates confer on floor

FOO E ADAMS

Delegates were especially eager to stand up and shout for their causes and candidates

President's mother catching Kennedy balloon

Shirley Chisholm as Ted talks; O'Neill and White

ment not bail out New York"), the elderly (Social Security "should be made voluntary"), and the environment ("Eighty percent of air pollution comes from plants and trees").

Calling for sacrifice, Kennedy put a twist on one of his brother Jack's most famous lines, shouting: "I am convinced that we as a people are ready to give something back to our country in return for all it has given to us." And he evoked tears as he turned more personal, recalling his campaign and "my golden friends across this land." He concluded: "For me, a few hours ago, this campaign came to an end. For all those whose cares have been our concern, the work goes on, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die."

For a few seconds the Garden was silent. Then the convention's most tumultuous demonstration erupted, ignoring Chairman O'Neill's attempt to order a roll call on the Kennedy economic planks. The Senator's adherents danced, sang and chanted, "We want Teddy!" O'Neill wisely gave up, signaled the convention band to join in the fun with medleys of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, Macnamara's Band* and *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

On the floor, delegates spoke of how the speech had moved them. Gary Brandt, a 6-ft. 2-in., 230-lb. welder from Ohio, wiped his eyes and said of Kennedy: "He could have turned the damned country around. If he'd talked like that during the campaign this would have been his convention."

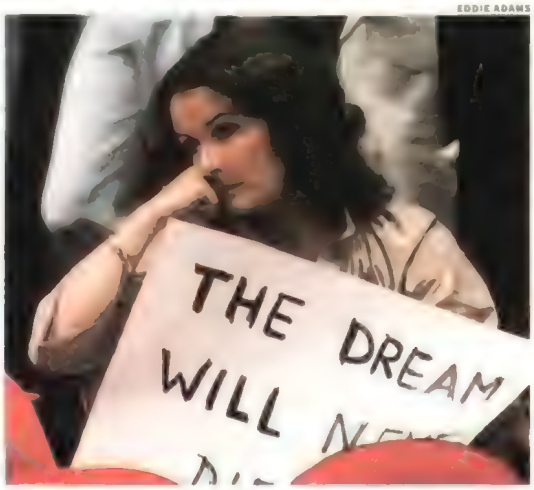
Now Carter's strategists had no choice. They would have to concede more to the Senator on the platform than they had hoped. In the Ohio delegation, a Carter whip shouted into his green telephone: "We got major, major defections in the big industrial states. We're going to lose them." The Pennsylvania whip frantically signaled the trailer: "We're lost. All 185 are going." On Kennedy's most insistent plank, his call for a $12 billion jobs program, Campaign Boss Strauss figured his troops would lose by some 400 votes.

In a wide-open meeting on the podium, O'Neill and Carter's and Kennedy's men—who were in touch by telephone with nearby command posts—completed the deal. A roll call vote, embarrassing for the President, would be abandoned. O'Neill would call the ayes and nays on a voice vote and would divine the agreed-upon result: victories for Kennedy on the jobs program and a plank giving priority to fighting unemployment. In return, Kennedy would give up on his call for wage and price controls, a plank on which he did not have majority support anyway.

Carter later said he could endorse the "aims" of the jobs plank, if not its $12 billion price, and announced that he was pleased to run on the reshaped platform. Kennedy promptly delivered his much delayed endorsement. His message, read to the cheering convention by O'Neill, declared: "I congratulate President Carter on his renomination . . . I will support and work for the re-election of President Carter. It is imperative that we defeat Ronald Reagan in 1980. I urge all Democrats to join in that effort."

The President's renomination on Wednesday night was anticlimactic. The old problem of disunity remained at the center of the convention's and the party's problems. Despite their candidate's withdrawal, only some 100 delegates shifted from Kennedy to vote for the President, even though Kennedy had not been placed in nomination. Carter won, 2,129 to 1,146.5. When the Minnesota delegation made the customary move to declare the nomination unanimous, shouts of "No! No! No!" roared from the Kennedy diehards. Only after a hurried call to Kennedy and an announcement on the floor that the Senator had urged a unanimous voice vote did his delegates quit.

EDDIE ADAMS



Sorrowful Kennedy follower laments convention outcome

"The hope still lives and the dream shall never die."

At last the blue placards yielded, and the Garden turned to a sea of green for the convention's final night. In his acceptance speech, Vice President Walter Mondale, as Carter later did himself, stressed the need to fight unemployment. But his speech will be remembered for its litany of past Reagan positions. Ending each citation with the question, "Who on earth would say something like that? Ronald Reagan did!" Mondale quoted Reagan as calling the weak and the disadvantaged "a faceless mass waiting for handouts"; saying programs that help blacks and Hispanics were "demeaning" and "insulting"; and declaring that "the minimum wage has caused more misery and unemployment than anything since the Great Depression." Mondale set the audience to chorusing with him the punch line "Ronald Reagan!"

Then it was time for Carter's acceptance speech and an opportunity to take some of the bitterness out of the convention. His aides had said that Carter would try to sketch an inspiring vision of America's future in a calm presidential style, but he fell far short of that.

Once again, the Kennedy presence loomed. The President faced the matter head-on in his speech. "Ted," he said, "your party needs—and I need you. And I need your idealism and your dedication working for us. We'll make great partners this fall in whipping the Republicans." A commendable effort at healing the convention wounds, perhaps, but a shade too pleading to come from a President. Carter was also embarrassed by the boos that greeted his mention of draft registration, an outcry that was quickly drowned out by his supporters. (Later, when other White House officials were introduced, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was also booed.)

Kennedy did not help matters much when he finally appeared with Carter on the podium. He walked stiffly onto the crowded stage and tentatively shook the hand of the President, who patted his back. For a moment, Kennedy was hugged by O'Neill, while Carter shot him quick, anxious glances. After another fleeting handshake, Kennedy patted the President and moved offstage. He was called back by aides to pose for pictures beside the President. Then he was gone. There was no warmth, no clasped hands held high.

Privately, Carter's aides charged that Kennedy had broken an agreement to wait behind the podium, then step out dramatically to be introduced as soon as the President's speech had ended. "Where's Ted?" asked Carter as the demonstration proceeded. But Kennedy's aides insist he did precisely what the President's men wanted, staying in his hotel until Carter had finished speaking, thus not attracting TV coverage away from the speech. The bitterness lingers. Said a Carter aide about Kennedy's appearance: "He wanted to put that last wound into us. He hurt us and he hurt himself. We all lost."

On that sour note ended the Democratic Convention that President Carter had hoped would give him a flying start in his attempt to come from behind to catch Ronald Reagan. The four days in Madison Square Garden hardly did that. For Jimmy Carter, as the green and blue banners were finally put away last week, the race to Nov. 4 looked longer than ever. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Walter Isaacson/New York*

View from the Carter Bunker

An exclusive look at the winner's operatives in action

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
Getting there was only half the fun for Carter's political operatives. Once established in New York City, they confronted the mission impossible of making everything seem to work to the advantage of their boss—and to have everything that did work happen in prime time.

Inside the tiny, cramped trailer, the two managers of Jimmy Carter's campaign sat huddled together, tense but confident that they had control over the nearby convention floor. This was Monday evening and the fight over delegate rules would settle things once and for all. Robert Strauss and Hamilton Jordan sat on the brown vinyl couches, half a dozen phones on the table in front of them, sending floor whips and Cabinet officers into the hall to brace wavering delegates.

Jordan wore a pinstripe suit, and whenever he stepped out of the trailer he fastidiously covered his bottle of beer with a brown paper bag. Strauss, in white shirtsleeves, leaned forward on the couch, a phone to his ear. A call had just come from the Maine delegates threatening to abandon Carter unless they received a statement from their favorite son, Ed Muskie, the Secretary of State, that he definitely would not run. Jordan quickly picked up another phone, dialed the President at Camp David and asked him to get Muskie to make the call.

For all their differences in personality and background, Strauss and Jordan get along well and are ideally matched. Strauss, 61, the wily, experienced tactician, is indispensable to the Georgians, who are still inept in the use of political power. The ebullient Strauss is virtually their only bridge to the real world of politics, and they trust him. Jordan, 35, the brilliant and impetuous young planner, tends to keep himself isolated. Neither man has much use for Ted Kennedy personally, but they both know how tough his opposition was Earlier that day Strauss felt a surge of optimism that the pressure from Kennedy was about to be relieved. He had received word that Kennedy wanted to meet him secretly at the Plaza Hotel, and Strauss immediately called the President. "These conventions are like a cake," he told Carter. "They all have a moment to set, and I think it may be now." Responded Carter, who was more skeptical: "It seems more like an omelette to me." When Strauss arrived at the hotel, he was informed that Kennedy had changed his mind. Strauss was furious. The cake had not set.

Now, back inside the narrow trailer, the roll call over rules was under way. Four TV sets, all turned on, were stacked on top of one another in one corner, and the two men sat knee to knee watching closely. Carter Aides Jody Powell and Tim Kraft pushed their way into the rickety command center. Alabama was solid for Carter, but when California passed, Jordan thought he saw a strategy. "Kennedy is holding back the big states to make the others uneasy," he said. When Colorado lost a few Carter delegates, the group moved restlessly, but there was no real concern. Maine took the microphone, and Jordan sat up, wondering if the President had reached Muskie in time. He had, and Carter's down-East votes stuck with him. Needled Jordan: "I hope Massachusetts puts us over."

A floor whip rushed in and told Strauss that a couple of Wyoming delegates were slipping away. Would Strauss call them? "Yeah, give me that phone," he said. Strauss got his man, purred into the phone about needing every vote and talked about returning to Wyoming to hunt with the delegate. Strauss's face broke into a grin as he put down the receiver. "We got those two back," he told Jordan. Strauss is a man who knows the value of a swap. He had raised money for many of the politicians here, done them countless favors, and now he was collecting for his side in return.

The big states like California and Illinois held strongly for Carter, and when Pennsylvania put Carter over the top, Strauss was on his feet. "Let's go, Hamilton, start calling those names!" he said in a shout. Jordan answered that he was going to go congratulate the Carter workers. "Not them, goddam it!" Strauss barked at him. "I mean the guys we just beat. We own the others."

A Carter aide came into the room to say there was a move on the convention podium to make the rules vote unanimous. "No, no, tell them to leave it alone!" decided Jordan. Like Strauss, he was anxious not to bruise Kennedy further. A few minutes later the report of Kennedy's withdrawal came over the TV sets, and the Carter men let out another roar. The size of their victory, 545.8 votes, clearly lifted the President's aides. From his mountaintop at Camp David, the President had a different view. He told Strauss later in the evening that Kennedy had telephoned him. The Senator had not sounded all that conciliatory, said the wary Carter, and there could still be real trouble. "We haven't got a great victory here," warned the President.

Jordan embraces a campaign worker in the trailer as the Carter team wins the rules fight

When the cake didn't set, fighting Kennedy with guile and 50 whips in green vests.

The skepticism about Kennedy was even more evident the next morning when the President's closest advisers—Charlie Kirbo, Stu Eizenstat, Jordan and Powell—gathered at 9 o'clock in Strauss's three-room hotel suite. Strauss informed them that he had called Kennedy early that morning only to be told the Senator was too busy to talk about their differences on the platform. Jordan had a similar story to report. His counterpart on the Kennedy side, Paul Kirk, had not returned his calls either. "They're not going to play ball," said Strauss. The group spent the next 30 minutes deciding what to recommend to the President.

Jordan telephoned Camp David to explain their fears. "Mr. President," Jordan began, "we need to know how much you'll give up on the platform." Carter's answer: yield a little but absolutely not on wage and price controls. Then Strauss took the phone. "We're going to take a pasting to-

Jordan gesturing outside the trailer while Kennedy was making his rousing speech

day, Mr. President," he said, reporting that Kennedy seemed to be shutting them off. "He's going to be very tough. Get ready for it." Carter reminded Strauss that he had picked that up in Kennedy's voice the previous evening.

The Carter managers were determined not to align the President with a platform that called for big spending programs. They gathered their forces together in a small open area amid the five Carter trailers, which were circled like frontier wagons. Jordan called about 50 of the floor whips, wearing bright green vests, to collect around him. Standing on a wooden box, he exhorted the group. "The worst thing in the world for President Carter is to be just sitting here while this platform is rewritten," he said. "We've got to fight every one of these economic reports." Then Strauss climbed up and gave another push. "The country is not with Senator Kennedy on these issues," he said. "Remind these delegates about the fight against inflation." But like Strauss and Jordan, Delegate Chief Tom Donilon, standing at the edge of the group, knew the fight was already lost. "These votes are going to come right after Kennedy's speech," Donilon said glumly.

The Carter leaders moved back inside the trailer to listen to Kennedy. They were not expecting much from the speech itself; during the campaign they had become used to watching him stumble at big moments. But this was not the usual bellowing Kennedy. Right from the start the speech had a different ring. Immediately, the men in the trailer turned anxious. Strauss and Jordan were silent, holding advance copies of the speech in their hands, following the words closely. Black Leader Jesse Jackson squeezed into the corner of the trailer and stared hard at the screen. "What do you think, Jesse?" Jordan said, looking over at him. Jackson never took his eyes off Kennedy. "It's pretty damn good," he muttered. Jordan just had to say something. "It's helping Carter," he said defiantly to the silent group.

The tiny room was so jammed with people that Strauss had to stand in the doorway, stretching his neck to see the screen. Except for Kennedy's voice, there was no sound in the trailer. Jody Powell broke the stillness with a crack about the Senator's being in an easy position to suggest things, and the group grunted approval. Jerry Rafshoon piped up: "You tell them, Teddy," voicing the resentment in the room.

The instant Kennedy was through, the noisy demonstration of support from the floor filled the trailer. A call came in from Carl Wagner, a top Kennedy aide, and Tim Kraft cupped his hand to his ear and listened to an offer from the Senator. From the couch, Strauss watched intently. As Kraft repeated the terms out loud—Kennedy would abandon the agreed-upon roll call votes if Carter would concede three economic planks calling for wage and price controls, a jobs program and giving priority to fighting unemployment—Strauss got to his feet and let loose. "The hell with that," he said. "No deal. Get Hamilton in here." A few minutes later, Jordan bounded into the trailer. He had just talked to Wagner himself. "You hear that goddam offer," Jordan said angrily. "I told him to go to hell." Then he stopped and said, "I probably shouldn't have said it." Strauss assured him he had said exactly the right thing, that the proposal was foolish.

Then Party Chairman John White called from the podium with news of a second Kennedy offer. This time the Senator would yield on the minority report calling for wage and price controls if he could carry the other two. Jordan liked the sound of that and asked Strauss what he thought. "I say take it, take it right now," said Strauss. Jordan agreed, and Strauss grabbed the phone to tell Convention Chairman Tip O'Neill on the podium.

Coordinator Donilon

By that time O'Neill and White had a jubilant army of Kennedy delegates on their hands. White was even wondering whether they could calm down the floor enough to bring the reports to roll call votes. "Tip," Strauss shouted into the phone, and O'Neill hunched over to hear the words. "Keep that goddam music going. Walk around, keep this thing stalled. We need time to talk to our people on the floor." Strauss had another piece of advice for the men on the platform. "For Christ's sake," he hollered, "smile a little bit up there. You look like a bunch of undertakers."

Strauss and Jordan got on the phones immediately to key Carter delegations—Illinois, Ohio, the Southern states—outlining the new position, namely to yield on the planks on job subsidies and fighting unemployment. Some delegations, like Ohio, bitterly resented the decision. Several others called the trailer to object. "It's tough," said Strauss to Jordan. "A lot of these guys broke their backs for us." Finally the time had run out, the Kennedy fever on the floor was holding at a peak. Strauss and Jordan had no time to call the President to ask for directions; they had to move on their own.

Strauss reached for the phone again and called O'Neill. "Tip, we're ready now," he said. "We're going to take one, and give them two and three." He repeated the instructions twice more in the din, and the loyal O'Neill had his orders. He quickly gaveled the decisions through on voice votes, obviously being guided not at all by the comparative volume of the ayes and nays. When O'Neill declared the President the victor on the plank on wage and price controls despite the fact that the Kennedy forces were almost surely in the majority, the Carter team in the trailer howled with laughter. "That Tip," said Strauss, watching in admiration. "He told me not to worry, that he'd do it in 30 seconds. Look at him go."

The deed was done. The powerful Kennedy presence would still linger for the last two days of the convention, but it was not until the final evening that the underlying tensions surfaced sharply once again. When Kennedy was the last to arrive on the platform, barely concealing his discomfort, the President's men were livid. Kennedy's strained behavior caused among Carter's crew a whole new surge of anger against him. Now Carter's managers knew there was no real reconciliation, if one had ever been possible. They could expect only token support in the fall. But the fight that Strauss and Jordan had waged from their trailer had shored up the candidacy of a President whose own party obviously had little heart for him. —*By Robert Ajemian*

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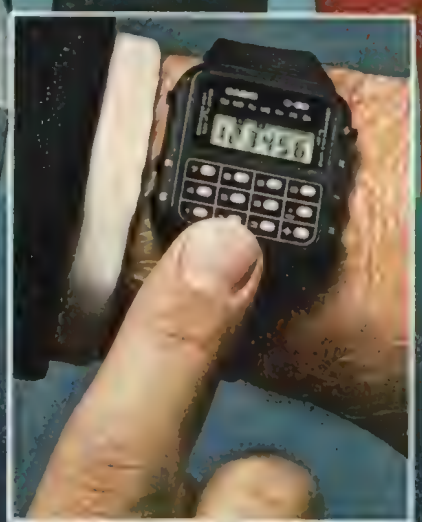

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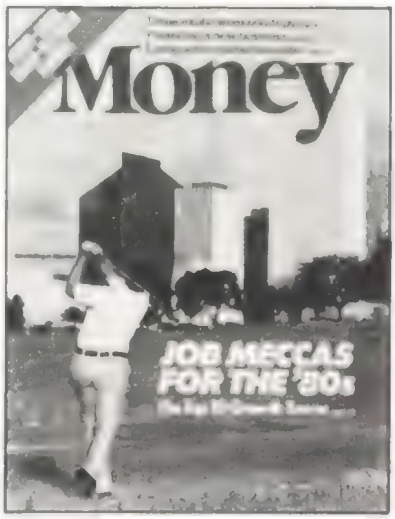

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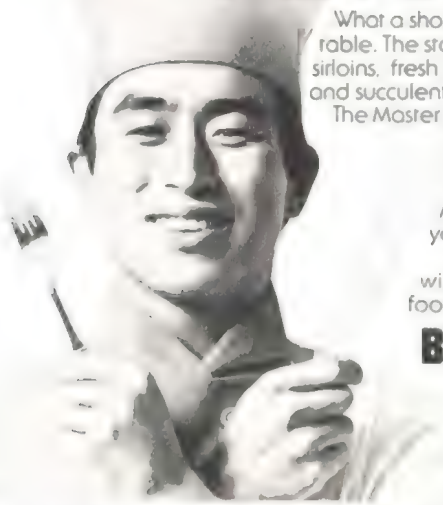

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Drawing the Battle Lines

Carter defends his record, attacks Ronnie and looks to the future

THE SPEECH. How the triumphant candidate accepts the nomination of his party is always billed by his strategists as not only the kickoff of the campaign but the most important speech of the entire presidential race. Well, sometimes it is all that—and sometimes it isn't.

As the campaign film celebrating Jimmy Carter ended and the lights went up, the convention podium remained empty while the band played *Hail to the Chief.* That void was only partially filled when the chief finally emerged, grinning and waving his arms. Somehow he failed to measure up to expectations. His acceptance speech was not electrifying; its voltage, in fact, was low. Said Laurence Radway, a professor of government at Dartmouth College and former chairman of the New Hampshire Democratic Party: "In the past, Carter has been partly an engineer and partly an evangelical —an evangelical engineer. In his acceptance speech, the engineer was there, but the evangelist wasn't."

Looking more intense than usual, Carter attempted to be combative without totally bringing it off. He managed to defend his record, set up Reagan as a target and project a slightly beclouded vision of the future. But he was unable to generate fervid excitement even among his ardent supporters. As frequently happens to the President, his delivery lessened the impact of his speech; it read better than he read it. Unfortunately, the line that may be longest remembered was a slip of the tongue. Citing some of his party's illustrious members of the past, he named "Hubert Horatio Hornblower er ... Humphrey." Carter also went on too long. Toward the end of his 51-min. speech, some delegates were yawning and checking their watches.

But the President, whose campaign instincts are often underrated, was aiming not so much at the audience in Madison Square Garden as the one before the TV sets across America. He was not trying to stun or startle them with innovative programs but rather to reassure them with a sober assessment of his own actions.

Carter's main objective was to launch an effective attack on his opponent. "This election," Carter declared, "is a stark choice between two men, two parties, two sharply different pictures of what America is." Though his portrait of the Democrats was rather fuzzy, he painted a bleak Republican future of despair: "the surrender of our energy future to the merchants of oil, the surrender of our economic future to a bizarre program of massive tax cuts for the rich, service cuts for the poor and massive inflation for everyone."

The Democrats usually pride themselves on being the party of vision while denouncing the Republicans for their lack of imagination. In a curious reversal, Carter compared the Democrats' earthy realism to the Republicans' utopian dreams of a world of "good guys and bad guys, where some politicians shoot first and ask questions later." This was a forecast, no doubt, of the kind of attack that will be launched against Reagan during the campaign. Reagan, said Carter, suggested blockading Cuba after the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, while opposing the President's grain embargo. Scoffed Carter: "He doesn't seem to know what to do with the Russians. He is not sure if he wants to feed them or play with them or fight with them."

But the actions that Carter took in response to Afghanistan did not seem all that popular with many delegates. When he reminded his audience that he had called for draft registration and the boycott of the Moscow Olympics, there were rolling boos—a rare response during an acceptance speech. Carter smiled, and his supporters in the hall rose to their feet and applauded enough to drown out the jeers.

Carter warming to his subject

Horatio Hornblower

Although many regard the Carter record of accomplishment in office as slim, the President had successes that he could recite: "We have helped in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, where we stood firm for racial justice and democracy," he said. He acknowledged that he had been criticized for his Middle East policies, but he insisted that "before I became President, there was no Camp David accord and there was no Middle East peace treaty." He made perhaps the strongest pledge to Israel ever offered by an American President: "Unlike our Republican predecessors, we have never stopped nor slowed aid to Israel. As long as I am President, we will never do so." He reaffirmed his human rights policies. The Republicans, he said, "think it is naive for America to stand up for freedom and democracy. Just what do they think we should stand up for?"

Less emphatically, he defended his Administration's economic policies. He claimed that the U.S. is now importing about 20% less oil than when he took office (6.4 million bbl. a day, *vs.* 8.9 million bbl.), though his policies can hardly be held responsible for this saving. He properly boasted of the deregulation of the airlines and the trucking industry. His Administration is now making the same effort with the railroads. Said Carter: "This is the greatest change in the relationship between government and business since the New Deal." The dollar is now stable, he observed, and "we are struggling to bring inflation under control."

Then he veered back to the attack, calling the 30% cut in personal income tax rates urged by Reagan the "biggest tax giveaway in history. I call it a free lunch that Americans cannot afford." Carter repeated George Bush's description of the proposal as "voodoo economics." The G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate "suddenly changed his mind toward the end of the Republican Convention," said Carter, "but he was right the first time." If the Republicans are elected on their tax-cutting platform, warned the President, most of the Federal Government will have to be abolished, "everything from education to farm programs to the G.I. Bill to the night watchman at the Lincoln Memorial."

The diffuse, rather disjointed address was the work of many hands, perhaps too many. A number of senior staffers and Cabinet members contributed ideas, but the major drafts were the work of Chief Speechwriter Hendrik Hertzberg and Carter himself. Hertzberg began writing the first draft a month ago. At Camp David on the weekend before the convention, Carter reworked the fourth draft by hand. Still, grumbled a Carter lieutenant, the final product was "your classic camel." Carter was not able to get over the hump. His own participation resulted in some of the platitudinous tone; he seems almost frightened by rhetoric. Basically, it remained a speech in search of a theme. Commented Joel Fleishman, a Duke University political scientist: "Carter seemed to be still struggling for his New Frontier, his New Deal, his new Fair Deal—but it just wasn't there." ***—By Edwin Warner. Reported by Johanna McGeary and Christopher Ogden/New York***

An Interview with Mondale

"Reagan will fall like a crowbar . . . awfully fast"

A year ago, he was somewhat bored with his job. He occasionally napped in his office and sometimes slipped home early—to the point that the Georgians around Jimmy Carter complained that Vice President Walter Mondale was not working hard enough. But then came the crisis in Iran, and the President had to depend on his Vice President for much of the hard slogging of the primary campaigning. Now back in the good graces of Carter's inner circle, Mondale is looking forward eagerly to a strenuous regimen of four-day-a-week campaign swings, making slashing attacks on Ronald Reagan and defending the Carter record. Mondale seems not the least bit uncomfortable in this role, even though it has required him to trim many of his longstanding liberal views, which at one time placed him close to Edward Kennedy on many issues. Mondale's stomach is flat—thanks to tennis—and his face deeply tanned —thanks to a few days of fishing for striped bass off New Jersey. At breakfast last week with TIME *editors and political correspondents, the 52-year-old Vice President offered some observations on the campaign. Excerpts:*

Q. Will Senator Kennedy's harsh language during the primaries hurt you in the election?

A. I think that the public takes that with a lot of salt. They know that we politicians get tired, make mistakes, get angry, just as they do in their own lives. I remember Hubert Humphrey once said that Kennedy had all the substance of a paper doily, and then a week later, Hubert said that [Kennedy's stand on an issue] was the greatest thing in the history of mankind. You know, doilies are important.

Q. It is widely believed that the old Democratic coalition is breaking up. Do you agree?

A. When the campaign gets going, I think you'll see a very strong firming up of the traditional constituencies of this party: minorities, farmers, teachers, union members, blue-collar workers. I must be candid and say that we've got a long way to go. But I expect that we're going to see a dramatic closing of the gap [with Reagan] in the next month. For one thing, I think we already see John Anderson fading. That will strengthen us because we'll then have only one opponent. The other thing is that I believe when Reagan starts to fall, he'll fall like a crowbar.

Q. Why will he fall?

A. First of all, his record on everything, domestic and foreign, is an abomination, and we intend to remind voters of it: when he called the League of Women Voters the "Rhine Maidens," when he said he wanted to tear up SALT II. Second, Reagan doesn't know anything about the Federal Government. He particularly doesn't know anything about international affairs, security matters and economics. I think the contrast with Carter is pretty impressive. Carter does know Government now, he's able, and he understands the complexities of these problems.

Q. If Reagan has all these shortcomings —baggage, if you will—how has he got so far?

A. Because the [Republican] crowd likes that baggage. If you can believe it, the Republican Party came out against the Equal Rights Amendment in Minnesota! They're off to the right. I don't think they represent the country.

Q. Many people like your party, but they have trouble liking your candidate because of his record. How do you intend to take your message to America?

A. I think we haven't made our case. In fact, I think we've done a very poor job educating the public. We've done an awful lot that the people are not aware of—or not as aware of as they should be—in the areas of our cities, health, energy and the economy.

Q. Why has the President had such trouble getting across a sense of direction for the country?

A. It's partly the President's style. He likes to deal with detail. He likes to have an answer on every issue that appeals to his engineering mind as being quantitatively correct in as substantial a way as possible. I think most politicians tend to move in a different way; to look at the broader political dimensions of a problem.

Q. One of Governor Reagan's most effective tactics is, in essence, running against Government. How are you going to deal with that?

A. Here's how he does it. No matter what the problems are, he says, "We'll cut your taxes." He's going to cut taxes in America by $1 trillion in the next decade, and he's going to raise the defense budget dramatically, and he's going to balance the budget, and then he generalizes about how inefficient Government is. His economic policy is nonsense. Our surveys show that by 2 to 1, the American people think that it's nonsense, that it's inflationary, that it cannot work, and that's one of the reasons that I think he's going to fall like a crowbar.

Q. Just how does a crowbar fall?

A. Awfully fast.

Q. What did you think of Jerry Ford's effort at the Republican National Convention to redefine your job?

A. Reagan's first attempt to strengthen America was to divide and dilute the presidency. You can only have one President. It's hard enough for the President to be in command. If anything, the presidency has been weakened too much in recent years. I think we need to strengthen the presidency again, not in terms of an excess of unaccountable power, but you know, it is really a pathetic sight that you leave a President with $1.95 a year to conduct foreign relations. For example, in the case of Nicaragua, where a little help early on might have strengthened the moderate forces, we had to spend three-quarters of the year fooling around with nothing [before Congress appropriated $75 million in economic aid to Nicaragua in May]. The way it is now, they figure the President might make a mistake, so they won't let him do anything. And that's the biggest mistake of all. Because the Government's got to make mistakes once in a while in order to get something done. It's hard enough for a President to get command. Good gosh, it's unbelievable now how many private governments there are running around on their own that you can't find. I hate to pick up the paper every morning and find out who's doing what and why. We've got to stop that. We've got to stop it by strengthening the presidency, not by diluting it and watering it down. ■

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Less than a day after his defeat on the rules issue, Senator Kennedy delivers his inspiring liberal call to arms

"That Which We Are, We Are"

Kennedy goes out in style—and looks ahead

THE ALSO-RAN. Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing, said Vince Lombardi. But sometimes nothing so becomes a candidate's run for the Oval Office as the manner in which he bows out. Sport and politics share the inevitability that someone must lose —but also the redemption that there is almost always a tomorrow.

The great resonant voice rumbled from the podium and through the arena, capturing the full attention of the thousands of Democrats below. The curly, graying head bobbed in acknowledgment to the cheers from his listeners. Ted Kennedy's roar, once strangely uncertain, now clearly had become a force to move a multitude's emotions. The youngest of the Kennedy brothers, for so long during this campaign at odds with himself, seemed to have found a kind of peace. He quoted some lines from Tennyson's *Ulysses*:

I am a part of all that I have met . . .
Tho' much is taken, much abides . . .
That which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts . . . strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Throughout the convention hall, tears filled many eyes. For Democrats who lived through the 1960s, this was a final chapter, both for Kennedy's quest for the nomination and for the social and political cause that he embodied. His speech may have been the last great liberal call to arms. To some it seemed impractical and out of tune with the country's needs and wants. It spoke to what once was and is no longer. But even many of those among his listeners who never admired Kennedy or his brothers may miss the sense of strength and certainty and hope that the family represented. Thus, in counterpoint to his ringing words, there was a sadness for many on the convention floor for what might have been, for a political party that has had to change direction, to find new answers and perhaps even a new purpose.

After the speech, Madison Square Garden was alive with talk of whether Ted Kennedy would make another run at the presidency. His supporters were convinced that he has learned and matured from the bruising 1980 fight and that he is the natural heir to the Democratic nomination in 1984. His performance last week makes that possible, but far from certain. In losing the nomination, he punctured the myth of Kennedy invincibility and thus opened the way for campaigns by other Democrats like Vice Presi-

The nomination struggle over, Joan reaches out to her husband

dent Walter Mondale, Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, Governor Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia. Some of these men are further along in reshaping a new Democratic approach to government than is Ted Kennedy.

His campaign may have been, in the words of his friend, former Senator John Tunney of California, "a campaign of atonement." Said Tunney: "That campaign and that speech spell the end of the Chappaquiddick era. It is something that had to be done." But the reception of Kennedy's speech last week inevitably raises the question of whether the 1984 Ted Kennedy will be the Ted that America saw in the campaign or the Ted who spoke so magnificently on the convention podium. All year the irony has been that the further Kennedy seemed from the nomination, the better he performed and was received by the voters. There seemed to be some form of liberation in losing.

For the next few days, Kennedy will sail the waters off the Cape in the *Victura* and the *Curragh*. He will walk the uncrowded beach with his mother Rose and play tennis with his sister-in-law Ethel. He will savor the world acclaim from papers and television about his convention speech, and he will probably eat more ice cream than he should and have an extra daiquiri or two. He will luxuriate in his patrician world far from the American deprived whom he has championed, a long distance from the middle class whose stresses he says he perceives. Ted Kennedy may at last be a true Kennedy, one of those depicted in the photographs, paintings and mementos that grace the family homes in Palm Beach, Fla., McLean, Va., and Hyannis Port, Mass.

At breakfast with reporters in McLean the day after the convention, Kennedy slouched in an armchair and sipped coffee in his spacious, beamed living room. Joan strolled into the room and sat at his arm, relaxed and confident. For the first time, he willingly reflected on what had happened to him in the campaign, and what might be his future in politics. Said he: "After the early primaries, we knew the chances of getting the nomination were remote. But programs and issues that we were raising were beginning to take on a life of their own, and I saw them expressed in human terms that I found very moving and motivating."

Kennedy promised to campaign for Carter, but, like his appearance on the podium with the President, he will be restrained and distant from the current occupant of the White House. His campaigning this fall will be cautious, linked mostly to his friendship with Senators and Congressmen who want his help. He made it clear that the degree of his support for Carter will depend on the President's economic pronouncements. Kennedy believes that Carter must focus his campaign on the economy, which the Senator said is "the area where we were able to get some response." Even so, Kennedy thinks that Carter will be "hard pressed" to win.

There is, of course, no way of being certain about what Ted Kennedy will do in 1984 because events and a man's own mind may change his life in unpredictable ways. "Clearly," he said, "we have made no judgment about 1984. As we have seen, this is a volatile period where even a few days or a few weeks are a long, long time. I'm not going to disappear." But right now the belief within the inner Kennedy circle is that he will stay in the Senate, from which he can help define national problems and offer solutions, all the while protecting his remaining privacy. He might find his party clamoring for him again in 1984, and he might find himself and the country truly ready by then. He is only 48, certainly young enough to take part in any redirection of Democratic Party goals.

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A clenched-fist salute ends Kennedy's appearance with Carter

"We have made no judgment about 1984."

Such a future campaign is made possible by the singular crusade of Teddy Kennedy in 1979 and 1980. He learned about the nation. More important, he learned about himself. It was believed last fall by Ted Kennedy and almost everyone else that a person who had come through the assassination of two brothers and the personal scandal of Chappaquiddick, and who had served 17 years in the U.S. Senate, was prepared for big power politics. These assumptions proved to be almost entirely wrong. Kennedy could not articulate any appreciation of the economic anguish of Middle Americans. Nor did he understand the ferocity of the political encounters on the presidential level in these times or the smoldering resentment against his personal excesses in earlier years.

"Looking back," he said, "I would have preferred to have waited until the congressional session ended and made a statement some time in December. We would have had more of a start-up period. We had a rather frenetic type of campaign in the very beginning and were not developing the themes early enough in ways that were clearly comprehensible. There were mistakes made moving the campaign off the ground, mistakes I made personally. There was also the distraction from economic issues by issues of foreign policy, as well as questions raised about my own character."

Would these character issues haunt him if he ran again? "As the campaign developed," he said, "there was much more focus on the issues. If I were ever to run again, I would hope it would start from there."

Ted Kennedy's plunge in the opinion polls and his devastating loss in the Iowa caucuses were perhaps the greatest political shocks in his life. That changed him, he acknowledged last week. He explained: "You learn to live with disappointment. In past campaigns we have always been successful and won. In this campaign I found, with the series of defeats in the primaries, that the forces that have motivated me are much more significant than any particular outcome on a primary day."

Kennedy concluded after his initial losses that he had to rely on his own instincts. He was in a battle that he might lose, but from which he could not walk away. For the next six months he received the education that he had avoided in his adult life, and he imposed a self-discipline that he had formerly rejected. While seeking the help of his troubled wife, he became more mindful of his part in her problems, and he became more thoughtful. His sense of public propriety and his need to preserve grace in political affairs were sharpened.

Kennedy's persistent smile through the primaries was at first forced, but then it came from an understanding that he was proving something to himself. He could take the political opprobrium that was heaped upon him and still keep his dignity. He confided to a friend not long ago that being jeered with Mayor Jane Byrne in Chicago, a city that used to revere his brother John, had left an ugly scar. Finding, when he began to falter, that professed "old friends" in the Senate and the nation's statehouses would not even return his phone calls shocked him into the realization of just how lonely it was to be a loser.

Kennedy was wedded to the old-style liberalism before he wandered into the presidential buzz saw. He knew nothing

else. The politics that he learned he got from his brothers and their counselors, like Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Economist John Kenneth Galbraith, relentless disciples of the New Deal. Kennedy's convention speech may have been a declaration of new understanding acquired in today's world. Its specifics are almost less important than the sense of the moment that the speech acknowledged. It was a time for poetry in the affairs of the country, a moment to show spirit and feeling and to soar, rather than to list and explain and justify. Perhaps Kennedy knew that this was the declaration of purpose he never spoke for Roger Mudd last November when the CBS interviewer asked him why he wanted to be President, and also perhaps a belated acknowledgment that the nation and the world are changing and he must change with them.

One paragraph was especially crafted to weld the old Kennedy passion with that new understanding. It could be the clue to the political theology that he will now follow. Said he: "The commitment I seek is not to outworn views, but to old values that will never wear out. Programs may sometimes become obsolete, but the ideal of fairness always endures. Circumstances may change, but the work of compassion must continue. It is surely correct that we cannot solve problems by throwing money at them; but it is also correct that we dare not throw national problems onto a scrap heap of inattention and indifference. The poor may be out of political fashion, but they are not without human needs. The middle class may be angry, but they have not lost the dream that all Americans can advance together."

In a political system that makes leadership such a personal matter, Ted Kennedy will be a central figure no matter what the circumstances. His determination to stay the distance in the brutal, exhausting primary fight and to raise his voice even in his hour of greatest defeat was courageous.

But he will not be the same politician he was. In the poetry that he quoted last week, he left out the telling passages in which the aging wanderer Ulysses admits his weakness and lost strength to his followers, lines that may apply to the Senator today:

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—By Hugh Sidey and John Stacks. Reported by Walter Isaacson/New York

Making Quite a Difference

Women win two key issues and half the seats on party councils

"I came here for Jimmy Carter, and for myself. The question of this convention is: Now that women are 50% of the delegates, what difference does it make?" So said Ohio Delegate Dagmar Celeste on the second day of the Democratic Convention. Soon afterward, Democratic women proved that on their own issues at least they could take control of the convention and win. "They played politics and we got trapped," admitted a male Carter whip. Said former New York Representative Bella Abzug, who helped run the women's floor operation: "We did it without trailers or red, white and blue phones."

Women delegates on the floor of the convention: "A taste of things to come"

By forcing the passage of two minority reports—ignored by Kennedy and actively opposed by Carter—the women added platform demands that candidates who are not in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment be denied party funds and that the Government pay for abortions for poor women. The result was to further tip the platform toward the feminist viewpoint. The platform already included planks demanding equal pay for women, improved child-care programs and support for boycotts of conventions in states that have not ratified the ERA.

Slightly surprised by their success, exultant women's leaders held a victory press conference at the New York Statler Hotel. Midge Costanza, who in 1978 was forced out of office as Jimmy Carter's liaison to women's groups and minorities because she was too outspoken, deftly turned a Carter line (borrowed from John F. Kennedy) into a barb. Said she: "Today we told Democrats that life indeed is unfair."

It was not an overnight victory. In 1900 Suffragist Elizabeth Cohen was the only woman delegate at the Democratic Convention. By 1968 the number of women delegates had risen to only 13%. In 1972 it climbed to 40%, but dropped to 34% in 1976. At the 1978 mid-term party convention, women pushed through a recommendation, adopted as a rule in 1979, requiring that delegate seats be equally divided between men and women. The Democratic result in 1980 nearly met the requirement: 50.77% men and 49.23% women.

The women included political neophytes, hand-picked party workers or their wives, union representatives and elected officials. Also present were hundreds of members, both men and women, of the National Organization for Women, the National Women's Political Caucus and the National Abortion Rights Action League. Preconvention polling by these groups showed that they had the votes to win on major issues, but no one knew how the delegates would react to high-pressure politicking by the Carter forces.

As it turned out, most of the women, along with many men who were sympathetic to their stand, stuck together. The message spread by NOW President Eleanor Smeal got across that fifty-fifty means nothing if women can't move the party forward. In this spirit, Carter delegates, especially members of the National Education Association, began defecting from the President's position that denying funds to anti-ERA candidates would help Republicans and hurt Democrats, especially in the South. Said Wisconsin Delegate Virginia Foley: "We've got to put our money where our mouth is. Obviously, what we have been doing isn't enough."

Negotiations with Carter forces failed to produce a compromise, and finally, as ERA Coordinator for NEA Linda Tarr-Whelan said, "it seemed to come down to the fact that we were either for ERA or we weren't, and we couldn't let the message get lost —Democrats are for ERA."

As far as many women delegates were concerned, the strength they showed on the convention floor was just the beginning. Said an elated Daphne Gratiot of Woodstock, Vt.: "It is only a taste of things to come." She may be right. Further bolstering the women's position was passage by the convention Rules Committee of a measure requiring that future conventions, the Democratic National Committee, state Democratic committees—in fact, all Democratic Party bodies—be composed equally of men and women. The consequence: women have good reason to expect that they will soon be moving into positions of power in the party's councils. And as Wallace Hyde, a member of the Carter-Mondale Finance Committee, said, "In politics, votes are power." ■

Going Straight for the Jugular

Carter will attack Reagan as a dangerously militant ideologue

THE STRATEGY. So swiftly does opinion shift in the information age that the eleven-week presidential campaign can seem, as Carter's resident pollster puts it, "five lifetimes." But the game plan must always begin with a precise knowledge of who's ahead in the 50 states. Precise, until tomorrow.

Renominated last week by a party that hardly loves him, Jimmy Carter now begins the struggle to be re-elected by an electorate that regards him with only traces of confidence. Says Pat Caddell, who does the President's opinion sampling: "There is no way that I could begin to overestimate Jimmy Carter's problems politically in the country."

Nonetheless, the Carter forces last week projected a surprising degree of optimism. Speaking to TIME editors, Campaign Chairman Robert Strauss boasted, "I have little doubt that the people will re-elect the President. I felt confident enough to make a couple of pretty good bets on it. And I bet with my head."

The hope of Strauss and his colleagues that Reagan can be overtaken is based in large part on their own experience in 1976 with the power of the incumbency. When Carter challenged President Gerald Ford, he led by 35 points in the polls. That lead dwindled through the fall until Carter managed to edge out Ford by only one point, and might have lost if the campaign had gone on another week or two. "The real crux of the problem is the nature of being a challenger," says Caddell.

In the view of the White House, Reagan is at a tremendous disadvantage because he will have to convince voters that he is responsible enough to keep the country out of dangerous confrontations in the nuclear age. Carter will strive to make that job even more difficult. Carter Media Man Gerald Rafshoon is already creating television spots around what the Carter people bluntly call "the button problem." The working title of one such advertisement questioning Reagan's coolness under pressure is called "Places He Would Attack."

The Carter campaign will also paint the Californian as a right-winger out of phase with the more moderate views of most Americans. (Said Reagan last weekend: "I do not think the image of me as Ebenezer Scrooge will sell.") Carter's aides admit Reagan is what they call a "likable ideologue," but they are convinced that he is vulnerable. Says Caddell: "The fact that he is liked does not take away from the fact that people perceive him as far more of an ideologue than most politicians."

This essentially anti-Reagan campaign may unite the Kennedy and Carter wings of the party in the polling booths on Nov. 4, but it is unlikely to generate much enthusiasm for the President. Just how to do that is the subject of dispute inside the Carter organization. One group believes that Carter's record is actually better than he gets credit for; the problem is that the White House has failed to communicate it effectively. Says an aide: "Carter can actually run on his record, as ridiculous as that may sound at first to some people." But Caddell disagrees. Says he: "I would suggest that there is little to be gained in trying to refight the past three years to prove some point that some people feel about the Administration's performance."

Carter aides of this persuasion hope that the President, instead of looking back, can project a vision of where he wants to lead the country. To date, as shown all too clearly by his acceptance speech, Carter has been unable to form such a vision in his own mind, let alone enunciate it.

The White House's strategy also depends heavily on besting Reagan in the presidential debates. Carter will hold out for head-to-head contests with Reagan. If the League of Women Voters, the debates' sponsor, includes Independent John Anderson in the line-up, the President will appear but probably also look for another forum in which to take on Reagan alone and, as far as he is concerned, the more times the better. Despite Reagan's formidable television talents, Carter is sure that his detailed knowledge of the government and the issues will give him an advantage.

As he tries to come from behind, Carter will face real problems across the country, even in the South, where he got 40% of his electoral votes in 1976. While strategists like Hamilton Jordan profess confidence about holding the South, they concede that more time and money will have to be spent this year than in 1976 to protect this base. As the President's analysts now see it, Carter only narrowly leads in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. Reagan is ahead in Texas and Florida.

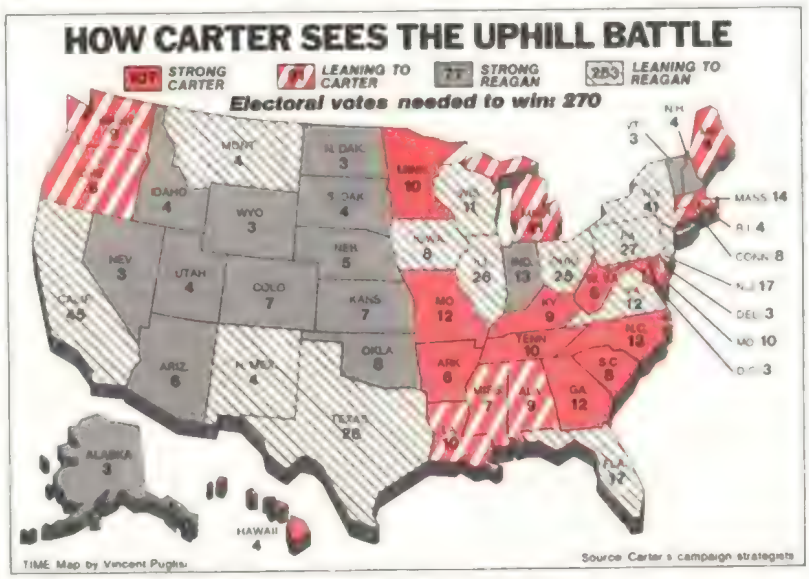
To offset the potential losses in the South, Carter's aides say they will make some effort to take California from Reagan, at least to the extent of making Reagan protect his base, thus tying up money and manpower he could use elsewhere. The Carterites believe they have a chance to take Washington and Oregon, especially if Anderson's strength declines as they predict. This could give them two states they did not win in 1976. But the Rocky Mountain and Western plains states seem to be firmly in Reagan's camp.

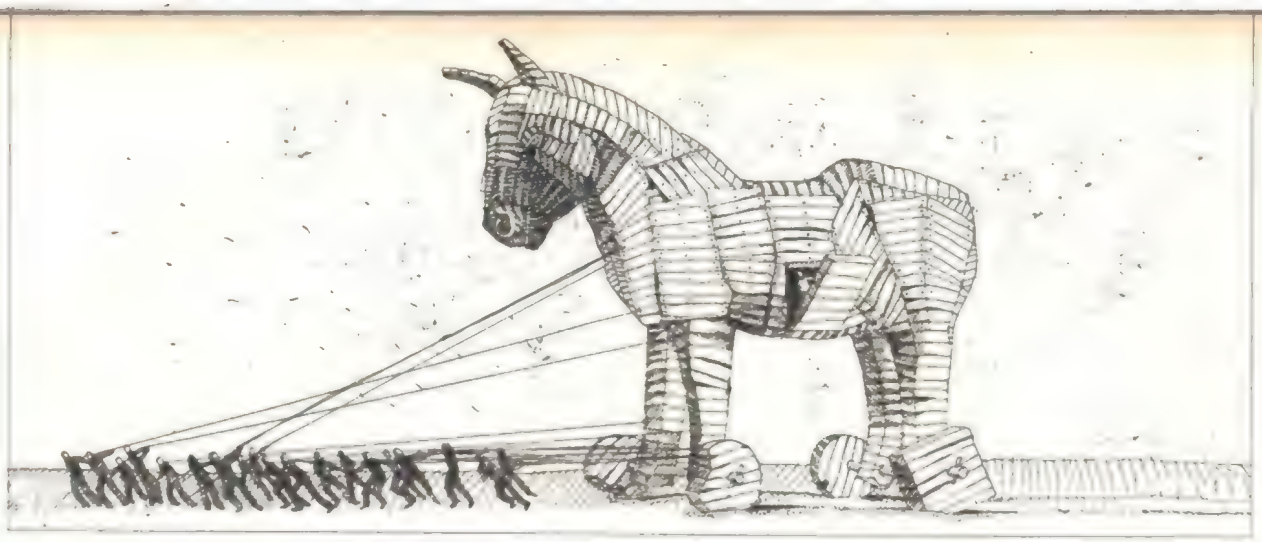
As usual, however, the major electoral battles will be fought out in the large industrial states of the Northeast and Midwest. Carter's aides are frank enough to admit that they are behind in nearly every one of these key states.

The hopes for turning this situation around rest essentially on the effectivness of the attacks on Reagan. The Republicans, similarly, hope to keep attention away from their candidate and on the failures of the Carter Administration.

Asked last week whether the election might not be decided in the end between some voters who feel "Reagan is going to be worse" and others who feel "Reagan can't be any worse," Caddell reluctantly replied: "That's a good capsule."

—By John F. Stacks





Nation

Marketable Baskets of Issues

The parties stand for plenty—and are far apart

Is it the best of times or is it the worst of times? That all depends on which party platform you read and believe. And indeed they are written for the true believer, for they admit of no possible party flaw. If there are national problems, those are the fault of the other party, which is castigated at length. As Finley Peter Dunne's fictional commentator Mr. Dooley noted of a practiced platform writer, "Whin he can denounce an' deplore no longer, he views with alarm an' declares with indignation."

So many planks are crammed into the platform to satisfy different interest groups that Barry Goldwater once dismissed the whole exercise as a "packet of misinformation and lies." Presidential candidates have frequently repudiated their party platforms. In 1864 the Democratic platform called for an immediate end to the Civil War, but Party Nominee George McClellan insisted on continuing the fight against the Confederacy. Franklin Roosevelt piled up record deficits in office despite his 1932 party platform's call for a balanced budget. In 1971 Richard Nixon totally ignored the G.O.P. platform when he imposed wage and price controls and announced, "I am now a Keynesian in economics."

Yet every four years, party members battle over their platforms as if they were writing another Constitution. They demand that certain planks be added, others withdrawn, and insist on nuances that would baffle the most finicky pedant. The fact is that platforms are greater than the sum of their planks. They indicate the direction in which a party is heading; at the least they exercise a subliminal influence on the nominee and, if he is elected, on his policies. Occasionally, vital issues are at stake. The refusal of the Republican Party to compromise with slavery in 1860 marked a turning point in American history; so did the adoption by the Democrats of the "free silver"* plank in 1896. The struggle over the Viet Nam War plank at the 1968 Democratic Convention split the party and led to Nixon's election.

This year's platforms offer quite clear alternatives, two distinct views of life and Government. Basically, the Democrats support an activist, interventionist Government, while the Republicans want to reduce the federal presence. Declares the G.O.P.: "Government's power to take and tax, to regulate and require, has already reached extravagant proportions. Divided, leaderless, unseeing, uncomprehending, Democratic politicians plod on with listless offerings of pale imitations of the same policies they have pursued so long, knowing full well their futility."

Democrats, on the other hand, maintain that they have "put the Federal Government back in the business of serving our people." Their platform boasts of the additional spending under Jimmy Carter: "Funding for education up 75% over the Ford budget; Head Start up 73%, basic skills programs up 233%, bilingual education up 113%, Native American education up 124%, summer jobs up 66%, Medicare up 54%, National Health Service Corps up 179%, Women, Infants and Children Program up 300%."

On all of the major issues, the parties offer dramatically contrasting positions:

THE ECONOMY The victory of the Kennedy minority report at the convention puts the Democratic Party behind a $12 billion antirecession program to create at least 800,000 additional jobs. The party also pledges not to fight inflation by any policy that will lead to high interest rates or substantially increased unemployment. Thus the assembled Democrats place unemployment ahead of inflation as the nation's chief economic problem. Carter refused to accept the precise program but promised to uphold its "spirit and aims." Rosalynn Carter told TIME: "I don't know how they will vote $12 billion when we tried so hard to get $2 billion more for new employment, and both houses of Congress went home without doing it."

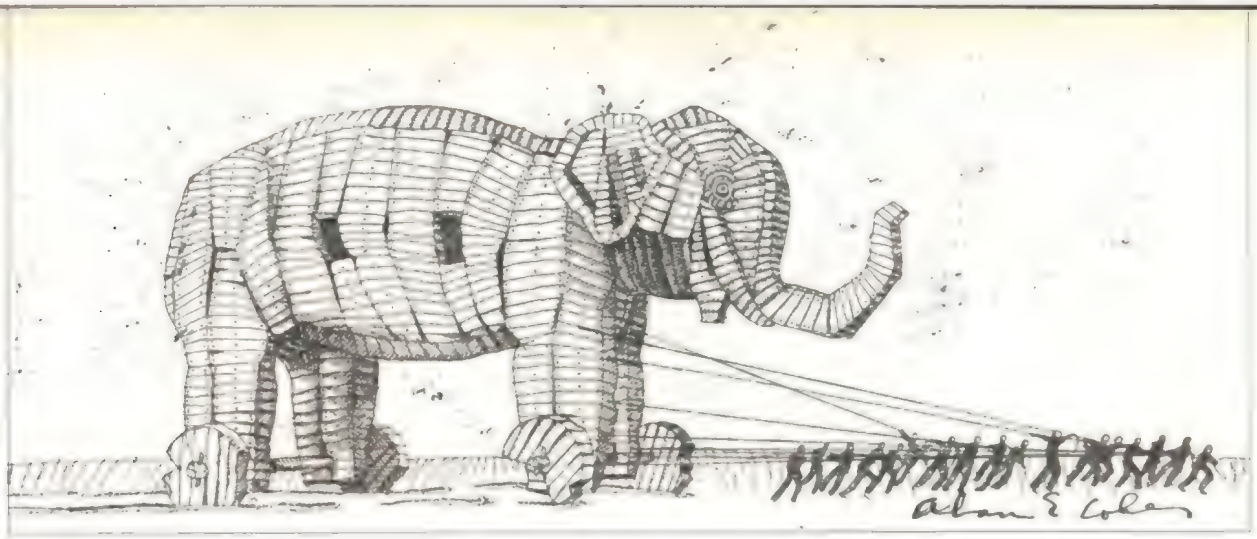
The Republicans blame the Democrats' inflationary policies, which they say have stifled growth in productivity, for the current unemployment. The G.O.P. urges "a bold program of tax rate reductions, spending restraints and regulatory reforms that will inject new life into the economic bloodstream of this country."

TAXES This is the basic G.O.P. cure-all for most of the ills that afflict the nation. Say the Republicans: "American families are already paying taxes at higher rates than ever in our history; as a result of Carter's policies, the rates will go even higher." The platform calls for the Kemp-Roth cut of 30% in federal income tax rates over three years, a reduction opposed by the Democrats on the ground that the rich would save more money in taxes than the poor. The Republicans also propose indexing taxes to the inflation rate to eliminate bracket creep; this would end the automatic tax increase that occurs when someone gets a pay raise that only keeps up with inflation.

Stressing "fairness" as the "overriding principle" of its economic policies, the Democratic Party seeks tax reductions only if they are not inflationary; that is, only if they would not lead to a larger budget deficit. The Democrats also continue to urge tax reform: the closing of $9 billion in loopholes, including such business deductions as the so-called three-martini lunch, which was a special Carter target during the 1976 campaign.

*An inflationary measure that was favored by Western farmers and silver miners

Illustrations for TIME by Alan E. Cober



SOCIAL PROGRAMS While admitting the necessity for a certain degree of spending restraint, the Democrats urge a number of costly new initiatives to assist America's needy: comprehensive national health insurance, federal takeover of state and local welfare programs, a "massive increase" in urban programs. Pointing to the Carter Administration's record of placing more women, blacks and Hispanics in high federal office and the judiciary than any other Administration in history, the party promises to do even better in the future.

The Republicans would rely much more on the free market to assist those in need. The platform states: "Our fundamental answer to the economic problem of black Americans is the same answer we make to all Americans—full employment without inflation through economic growth." The G.O.P. wants to establish free-enterprise zones in blighted urban areas, where new job-creating businesses would be encouraged through lower taxes and reduced Government regulation. The G.O.P. pledges to take "positive steps" to help other minorities—specifically people of Eastern and Southern European background—to "share the power as well as the burdens of our society."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS The Democrats not only ardently support the ERA, they also adopted a much criticized minority plank barring party financial aid to any House and Senate candidates who do not back the amendment.

Though the G.O.P. has favored ERA in the past, this year's platform fudged the issue—after stormy convention debate in Detroit—by declaring that it is up to the states to decide whether to guarantee equal rights to women. While the G.O.P. supports a constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion, the Democrats urge that women should be allowed free choice. They seek public funds to pay for the abortions of poor women, a policy that Carter has opposed.

EDUCATION The Democrats take six pages to enumerate all of the programs they envision to improve the quality of teaching and assure equal access to learning in America. Says the platform: "We must begin to think of federal expenditures as capital investments." The platform also supports, as a tool of last resort, the "mandatory transportation of students beyond their neighborhoods," *i.e.*, busing. The Republicans claim that the Federal Government is already much too involved in education. They oppose forced busing as a "prescription for disaster because of its divisive impact." The Republicans believe that the newly created Department of Education should be abolished. The party also calls for income tax tuition credits for parents who send their children to private schools.

JOBS The Democratic platform contains just about everything that organized labor asks for: repeal of section 14b of the Taft-Hartley law, which allows states to pass right-to-work laws forbidding union shops; revision of the Hatch Act to permit federal employees to engage in political activity; no modification of the minimum wage or of the Davis-Bacon Act, which prevents federal contractors from paying less than the prevailing wage rates in their area; no weakening of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), which has set regulations that often seem onerous and absurd to business.

The Republicans promise to improve the economic climate and thus to create more jobs, but offer few specifics. The G.O.P. supports 14b, an old Reagan cause. It also favors letting employers pay less than the minimum wage to youths, with the aim of creating more job opportunities for the group with the highest rate of unemployment in the U.S. The platform roundly condemns the "arbitrary and highhanded tactics" of OSHA and recommends restricting the federal agency to monitoring only the most hazardous conditions in the workplace.

FOREIGN POLICY AND DEFENSE The Republicans call for a firm stand against Soviet aggression and for higher defense spending. But the Democrats, in a dramatic turn-around from their 1976 platform, which insisted on military budget cuts, also urge the strengthening of U.S. defenses. Both parties, in fact, blame each other for letting Pentagon expenditures lag. Both also favor building the MX missile, though a sizable minority of Democrats were bitterly opposed. The Democrats fault the Republicans for emphasizing the "primacy of power politics" at the cost of American principles. The Democrats also call for more aid to the Third World: "It is unacceptable that the U.S. ranks 13th among 17 major industrial powers in percentage of G.N.P. devoted to developmental assistance."

Maintaining that the Carter Administration has lacked a "coherent strategic concept to guide foreign policy," the G.O.P. considers the President's human rights campaign to be naive and dangerous. The Republicans assert that the policy has scarcely improved life in Communist nations and severely penalized some U.S. allies with "the loss of U.S. commercial access and economic and military assistance." Says the G.O.P.: "We will return to the fundamental principle of treating a friend as a friend and self-proclaimed enemies as enemies."

SALT II The Democrats describe the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty as a "major accomplishment" and promise to seek ratification as soon as possible. The Republicans denounce the pact as "fundamentally flawed." The G.O.P. platform insists that the U.S. ultimately achieve military superiority over the Soviet Union, a position that would appear to rule out serious arms-control negotiations.

Thanks to these weighty platforms, both parties have enough ammunition to fire at each other for the next four years. They may not use all of it, of course, and some of the shots may misfire. Platforms are at the disposal of the presidential candidates, who can appropriate as much or as little of them as they please. They have even been known to dip into the enemy camp for supplies. Still, this year's platforms, hammered out with diligence and zeal, are an eloquent refutation of the canard that parties in America do not stand for anything. They stand for plenty—and they stand apart. *—By Edwin Warner*

Rethinking the Unthinkable

Carter revises the new game plan for fighting a nuclear war

At the Naval War College in Newport, R.I., this week, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown is to unveil officially the nuclear age's ultimate contingency plan. To some critics, it is a doomsday scenario, an outline for atomic war that could lead to the destruction of the human race. But to U.S. defense policymakers, Brown's speech represents an unavoidable rethinking of the unthinkable: bringing up to date U.S. strategic plans for deterring nuclear war.

Some details of the policy changes that Brown plans to announce have already been leaked, and they have drawn sizzling denunciations from Moscow. Thundered TASS: "Madness," "Maniacal." Cried *Pravda:* "Nuclear blackmail." But NATO allies of the U.S. welcomed the change. Said a British official crisply: "We agree with it. It enhances deterrence." Said a French official: "We are in favor of anything that improves U.S. credibility."

What Brown was set to announce is Presidential Directive 59, which was signed on July 25 by Jimmy Carter. In it, the Administration modifies the doctrine of how the nation plans to respond to a Soviet nuclear strike. Brown is expected to say that in the future, more of the Pentagon's land-based Minuteman ICBMs and B-52 bombers will be targeted at Soviet military installations and political and military command centers, as well as at major cities. Arms experts call this targeting concept "counterforce" because it is designed primarily to destroy the enemy's forces rather than large numbers of civilians. In a note to the NATO allies two weeks ago, outlining the policy, Brown explained: "It is a strategy designed [to make clear] that we have both capabilities and plans for use of our forces if deterrence fails. That means that no plausible outcome of such a war could be a victory for the U.S.S.R., however they may define victory."

Some elements of counterforce have been part of U.S. strategy for decades. But the U.S. has relied largely on what policymakers term "mutual assured destruction" (MAD). The theory is that the U.S.'s ability to retaliate against a Soviet attack by obliterating the residents and factories of Moscow and other major cities would deter the Kremlin from launching a nuclear strike against America. In turn, the Soviet capability to destroy U.S. cities has been seen as deterring Washington from attacking the U.S.S.R. Because such a situation in effect holds hostage the population centers of both superpowers, theorists call the strategy a "balance of terror" and have credited it with preventing nuclear holocaust—so far.

The trouble with this policy, which was adopted during the Eisenhower years, is that the conditions upon which it rests have changed, primarily because of the relentless buildup of Soviet strategic forces and the vast improvement in the accuracy of the Kremlin's nuclear warheads. The Soviets have achieved at least strategic parity with the U.S.; at the current rate of increase, the Kremlin is certain to attain clear-cut superiority in just a few more years. And despite its outcry against the Presidential Directive, Moscow has already deployed a very sizable counterforce arsenal of its own against U.S. Minuteman sites and other U.S. bases.

MOORE—GAMMA LIAISON

The policy's architect: Defense Secretary Harold Brown

Rage from the U.S.S.R., approval from the allies.

In addition, Soviet military literature has been emphasizing a "war-fighting" nuclear doctrine—something missing from U.S. strategy. Explains a U.S. defense planner: "The Soviet view has been that the world does not stop when the two nuclear forces are released."

As a result of these developments, U.S. strategists have concluded that threatening massive retaliation against the U.S.S.R. may no longer be enough to deter a Soviet attack. For example, if the Soviets destroyed a couple of U.S. missile sites with atomic missiles, would the President be willing to order a counterstrike on Soviet cities, knowing that he was thereby inviting a full-scale reprisal by Moscow against American population centers? Some U.S. strategists fear that the Soviets may not believe that a U.S. President would take such a risk. Thus the threat of massive American retaliation becomes no longer a credible deterrent to a limited Soviet nuclear strike.

To retain its credibility, argues the Administration, the U.S. must be able to respond in kind to a Soviet attack. A strike against a U.S. missile site, for example, would be answered by a U.S. counterblow against a Soviet military installation. Though the language of Presidential Directive 59 has the highest security classification and will not be made public, officials acknowledge that it calls for U.S. counterstrikes against military targets on whose survival the Soviet Union depends to continue fighting and eventually to capture and hold Western territory after a nuclear exchange. These targets include civilian and military commands, control and communications centers, troop concentrations, supply depots and transportation hubs. Says a senior official: "The Presidential Directive is an effort to create a situation in which we are not faced with the choice of apocalypse or giving in."

To complement the U.S. counterforce strategy, Carter has signed two other Presidential Directives, Nos. 53 and 58. They order the drafting of plans for an improved wartime communication network and new emergency measures for the rapid evacuation from Washington of top civilian and military leaders. Though current arrangements for protecting U.S. leaders during military crisis are secret, experts concede that they are frighteningly inadequate, especially in an age when there would be only ten minutes' warning before missiles fired from Soviet submarines off the East Coast struck Washington.

As has frequently been the case in the evolution of American strategic plans since the beginning of the nuclear age, the latest refinement in the U.S. atomic war game plan has been adopted with the hope that its mechanism never would have to be set in motion. Wrote Brown to his NATO colleagues: "We have no desire to fight a nuclear war." He emphasized, however, something that long has been the most fundamental premise of American deterrence theory: "The surest way to avoid such a war is to make certain that the Soviet leadership can have no illusions about what such a war would mean for Soviet state power. Of course, the capabilities of our forces, not our words about them, are the strongest influence on Soviet views."

The main element of such a U.S. capability is a highly accurate interconti-

nental missile capable of surviving a surprise Soviet attack. Though the nation's 550 Minuteman IIIs, most already fitted with the new Mk-12A warhead, can achieve the pinpoint accuracy necessary to carry out the counterforce strategy, there is wide agreement among defense experts that these ICBMs will soon be vulnerable to a pre-emptive Soviet strike. The U.S. Navy's missile-launching submarines, hiding quietly at great ocean depths, are safer from attack, but they are much more appropriate for striking cities than for destroying missiles encased in concrete deep in the ground; for one thing, they are not sufficiently accurate.

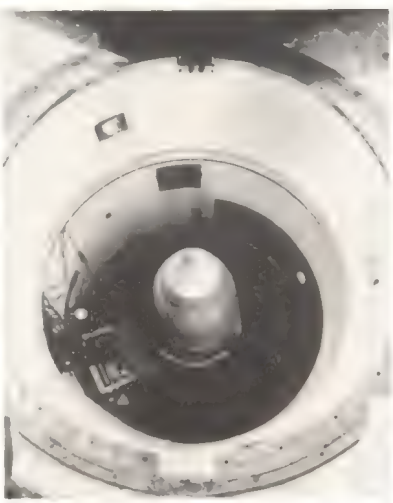
What offers both accuracy and, because it is mobile, the ability to survive a surprise Soviet blow is the MX missile. It is, however, a controversial system, not only because of its hefty $33.8 billion price tag (sure to grow with cost overruns) but because there are some doubts about how long it would be before Moscow would find a way to cripple the MX missiles in a pre-emptive strike. Most experts are confident, however, that because the missile will not be a stationary target and will be protected by various other measures still under consideration, it will remain virtually invulnerable for at least a couple of decades. This has been the life span of the Minuteman system.

In fact, because of the Minuteman's fast-approaching vulnerability to attack, the MX probably would be required by the U.S. in any case. But the weapon's counterforce role is likely to become one of the most important arguments for going ahead with it. This was one of the points stressed last week by the Carter forces at the Democratic Convention when they pushed successfully for an endorsement of the MX in the party's platform.

Harold Brown has emphasized that Presidential Directive 59 represents only an evolutionary change in U.S. strategic policy. As far back as 1962 Defense Secretary Robert McNamara flirted with the concept of counterforce but abandoned it mainly because it was too costly, given the state of technology in that era. Eleven years later, Pentagon Chief James Schlesinger strongly advocated the concept. As a result, Schlesinger now says, "80% of the [new] doctrine has been in place since the summer of '73."

The specific policy that Brown is to announce had its immediate roots in the opening months of the Carter Administration, when the President ordered a thorough review of U.S. strategic options. This eventually led to a top-secret report completed in early 1979. Details of the new directive were thrashed out in a long series of meetings of senior officials from the Pentagon and National Security Council staff. Throughout the proceedings, the NATO allies also were kept informed of the policy discussions. At NATO's Nuclear Planning Group meeting in Norway in June, Brown discussed the matter in detail with his allied counterparts and received their approval for the shift in strategic emphasis.

Minuteman III during a test in Florida



Missile in its silo in California

Doomsday to prevent a holocaust.

Not so well informed, apparently, was Edmund Muskie. Although State Department aides were advised of the doctrinal discussions at various times in the past year, the planning sessions had concluded before Muskie became Secretary of State in May, and he apparently had not been fully informed of the new policy's details when its general outlines were leaked to reporters early this month. By angrily making no secret of the fact that he felt he had been left in the dark, Muskie created a minor but embarrassing flap that fueled speculation about rivalries between his staff and that of National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who is responsible for coordinating the formulation of such policies. Was Brzezinski, it was asked, already trying to undercut the new Secretary of State? By week's end, however, Muskie seemed generally mollified.

The fact that the new counterforce policy is a modification of existing doctrine has raised questions about why Carter has dramatized the change by making it a Presidential Directive. Brzezinski was the chief advocate of the move, while Brown is thought to have favored keeping the policy an internal Pentagon matter. A number of critics believe that Carter wants to publicize the matter because he needs to appear tougher on defense issues to blunt criticism from G.O.P. Nominee Ronald Reagan. Says Herbert Scoville Jr., former CIA deputy director for research and now a strong advocate of arms reduction: "They're playing politics with the thing." Observes former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "I do not believe that the middle of an election campaign is the appropriate moment to announce a new strategy for conducting nuclear operations."

More important than the possible political reasons for Carter's action is the impact the policy may have at home and abroad. Doves are generally critical. Complains Scoville: "Anything that makes it easier to fight nuclear war is a step in the wrong direction." Even Harold Brown has had reservations about the counterforce strategy; he has been worried that once a nuclear exchange begins, no matter how limited, it will inevitably escalate into Armageddon. But Brown also believes that the U.S. must have the option of responding to a nuclear strike with something less than a full-scale atomic fusillade.

Brown's original hesitations about the policy seem valid, for there is a fundamental ambivalence involved in counterforce. Explains Lawrence Korb, director of defense studies at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank in Washington: "The irony of this doctrine is that it could make war either more or less probable. The threshold may be easier to go over, but if you do, you may be able to put the genie back in the bottle. It is stoppable, but because it is, it also is more startable." —*By Burton Pines. Reported by Don Sider/Washington*

MIDDLE EAST

Jihad for Jerusalem

The Saudis try to lure Egypt's Sadat back into the Arab fold

"What has moderation achieved? Is this the West's concept of a just peace? Where is the comprehensive peace framework envisaged at Camp David and promised us? All the masks have fallen, and the talk about peace with Israel has become a kind of illusion."

So said Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd last week in the most ominous Arab response so far to the July resolution by the Israeli Knesset that declared undivided Jerusalem to be the country's eternal capital. The Saudi prince went on to call on all Arab countries to unite in a jihad (holy war) to liberate Israeli-occupied Arab territory and establish a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, with East Jerusalem as its capital.

Mere rhetoric? Possibly. The Arabs, after all, are in no position to take on Israel militarily. But Carter Administration officials cautioned against dismissing Fahd's words too readily. The Saudis, said the analysts, might eventually feel obliged to take some action, perhaps a cut in oil production.* The Saudis saw the Israeli action both as a calculated insult to the Arab world and as final proof that under present conditions the Israelis simply are not prepared to negotiate a Palestinian settlement in any serious way. The Saudi royal family, moreover, looks upon itself as the guardian of Islam's holy places, which include Al Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem's predominantly Arab Old City.

The Saudi statement was also designed to step up pressure on Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to abandon the Camp David peace process and break relations with Israel. Shortly after the Knesset's action on Jerusalem, Sadat shot off an 18-page letter to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, explaining that he had no choice but to suspend the Egyptian-Israeli talks on Palestinian autonomy *(see box)*. Sadat's decision won him plaudits among his estranged Arab neighbors. Morocco's King Hassan II and Jordan's King Hussein have joined the Saudis in trying to lure Sadat back to the Arab fold, and have let it be known that he might gain some badly needed oil money to shore up Egypt's economy. Explained Chedli Klibi, the Tunisian secretary-general of the Arab League, in an interview with TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott: "In Islam we have a saying that if you try and fail—if you recognize your mistake—you will still find your reward. Sadat should recognize the truth and say, 'I've tried and failed.' By doing that he would show the world that he gave Israel a full chance to do justice but Israel refused."

Despite his disillusionment with Begin, Sadat indicated last week that he still regards the Camp David framework as the most promising way to a wider peace. Meanwhile, the Egyptians have launched a global diplomatic campaign to explain why Sadat asked for a hiatus in the negotiations. Among the emissaries dispatched abroad is Butros Ghali, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, who flew to Rumania for a five-day official visit. Rumanian President Nicolae Ceauşescu played a key role in preparing Sadat's historic mission to Jerusalem in 1977. Ceauşescu, who heads the only East bloc nation that still has diplomatic relations with Israel, was said to favor a Geneva-type conference that would include the U.S., the Soviet Union and the Palestine Liberation Organization as well as Syria, Jordan, Egypt and Israel. Failing that, Ceauşescu was believed to be promoting a Begin-Sadat summit. At week's end that idea received an apparent endorsement from Sadat himself.

The Israeli reaction to Prince Fahd's call for a holy war was mild. Proclaimed a foreign ministry spokesman: "We are not shocked and we are not worried." The Israelis, in fact, seemed far more preoccupied with the latest internal squabble

*The Saudis and other Arab oil producers warned that they would cut off supplies to any nation maintaining an embassy in Jerusalem. Last week Uruguay joined Venezuela in announcing that it will move its embassy to Tel Aviv; The Netherlands is expected to follow. That would leave only ten embassies in Jerusalem. Most other nations, including the U.S., have their missions in Tel Aviv.

Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Fahd; demonstrators outside Begin's residence; Rumanian President Nicolae Ceauşescu

of Begin's faltering government. This time the Prime Minister was at odds with his hawkish Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon, a hero of the 1973 October War, who has made no secret of his desire to be Defense Minister. Begin has held that post since the resignation of Ezer Weizman last May, but he has only been able to devote a day or so each week to running Israel's complex defense establishment.

Sharon has publicly accused the Prime Minister of acting "flippantly and in an offhanded fashion" in his managing of the Defense portfolio. Every mother in Israel with a son in the army may ask herself some concerned questions, Sharon added. An angry Begin reportedly responded that the minister was "a danger to democracy." At a quarrelsome Sunday Cabinet meeting two weeks ago, other ministers eventually forced Sharon to apologize to his boss. Sharon has said that he will not resign his own post, which gives him primary authority over the establishment of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, unless Begin makes someone else Defense Minister. But since Sharon's resignation could bring down Begin's fragile coalition and force new elections, the Prime Minister has little choice but to put up with the thorn in his Cabinet.

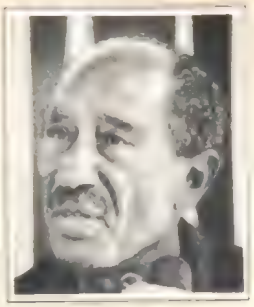
■ ■ ■

Begin also remained angry about what he called "a blood libel" against him that appeared two weeks ago in the Washington *Star*. An article by David Halevy, an occasional contributor to the *Star* on leave of absence from TIME, charged that the Prime Minister's office had figured in the obstruction of the security service's investigation of the attempted assassinations of three West Bank mayors last June. As a result, the *Star* claimed that the head of the General Security Service (known as Shin Bet), Avraham Achituv, had resigned. Israeli newspaper reports about the *Star* story inspired an angry Knesset debate as well as protest demonstrations outside Begin's residence. Israel's attorney general last week announced that Halevy "may have committed a prima facie violation of Israeli law by publishing the name of the director of the General Security Service"—which is forbidden within Israel—and that he would conduct an investigation to see if an indictment were warranted.

Halevy insisted that his story was correct. Appearing before a Knesset committee, Achituv said that he had asked, well before the start of the bombing investigation, to resign at the end of the year. But Achituv flatly refused to discuss whether, as Halevy charged, Shin Bet did have strong pointers to the identity of the would-be assassins, who have yet to be arrested. Commented the independent daily *Ha'aretz*: "Doubts remain—if not with regard to the reasons for the security service director's resignation, then with regard to the investigation of the assassination attempts." —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Beirut*

Sadat and Begin: "Best Wishes"

The Aug. 2 letter from Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, addressed to "Dear Prime Minister Begin," started with a solicitous inquiry. Wrote Sadat: "I hope you have fully recovered from what befell you and have regained your health in order to be able to confront the great responsibilities you are shouldering at this delicate stage." In Sadat's letter and Begin's reply, which were made public last week, the two leaders spelled out their thinking on the differences that have led to the breakdown in the Egyptian-Israeli talks on Palestinian autonomy. By turns eloquent, sentimental and accusatory, the letters also provided a fascinating insight into the thinking and style of the two men as the bilateral negotiations once more reached an impasse.


President Sadat

The tone of Sadat's letter was courteous, carefully respectful and almost devoid of passion, especially in view of the provocation that prompted it: the Knesset's resolution proclaiming Jerusalem Israel's capital. The Egyptian President praised Begin for remaining "firm in your resolution to follow up the noble cause of peace without regard for the huge efforts required for such a venerable task." Sadat wrote of Israel's actions in a curiously passive way, never blaming Begin personally. For example, he noted that "numerous provocative and negative actions have been taken in flagrant defiance of the peace process and its very essence. I am referring to the actions being taken with respect to Jerusalem and the settlements, together with the repressive measures taken in the West Bank and Gaza."

Sadat argued that such measures ran counter to the letter and spirit of the Camp David accord. He then recalled that he had proposed a formula that would restore Arab legal and historic rights in Jerusalem, but still keep the city united. "In all frankness," Sadat added, "I believe that the ideas I submitted in this regard have not been given due consideration on your part. Dear Mr. Prime Minister Begin," Sadat concluded, "I am certain that deep in your heart you know that it is virtually impossible to continue the negotiations if the present attitude continues. I urge you to take the remedial measures necessary for removing the obstacles. With best wishes to you and Mrs. Begin, Muhammad Anwar Sadat."

Begin responded, two days later, in a letter that started with an engagingly chatty disquisition on his health. "Thank God my health is good. May I tell you something of my thoughts during the illness that befell me. My good doctors put me under a machine, made in Israel, unique in its sophistication, which you saw in Haifa, and which we even export to the U.S. After nearly two hours of ordeal, they had a photo of my heart. The professor decided to show it to me. So what is the human heart? Simply, it is a pump. And, I thought, God Almighty, as long as this pump is working, a human being feels, thinks, speaks, writes, loves his family, smiles, weeps, enjoys life, gets angry, gives friendship, wins friendship, prays, dreams, remembers, forgets, forgives, influences other people, is influenced by other people—lives. But when this pump stops—no more! What a wonder in the cosmos is this frailty of the human body, without which the mind, too, becomes still, helpless or hapless."

Prime Minister Begin

After this "quasi-philosophical introduction," Begin's tone changed abruptly. He was tough and unyielding on Sadat's substantive points. "Jerusalem is and will be one, under Israel's sovereignty, its indivisible capital. The same applies to our settlements in Judea, Samaria, the Gaza District and the Golan Heights. They are legal and legitimate, and they are an integral part of our national security. None of them will ever be removed." Begin chastised Sadat for suspending the talks, seemingly more in sorrow than in anger. "Let us negotiate," he concluded. "Let us, as the past proves, reason together until we reach the agreement and pave the way for peace in this region, the cradle of human civilization. With my best wishes to you and Mrs. Sadat, Menachem Begin."

By week's end Sadat had added another chapter to the correspondence, this time a 35-page letter to Begin. Apparently resigned to writing rather than talking for the time being, Sadat suggested that they might get together for a summit —but only after the U.S. elections in November.

The most successful weapon in the Soviet anti-insurgency arsenal, an Mi-24 helicopter gunship, pounds rebel positions

AFGHANISTAN

Moscow's Military Deadlock

After eight months, the Kremlin faces a no-win dilemma

Celebrating the end of the month-long Ramadan fast, President Babrak Karmal appeared at Kabul's Salam Khana Palace mosque last week and delivered some words of warning to his fellow Afghans. "Brothers and sisters, foreign powers want to exploit your Islamic sentiments," he declared. "They send their agents, mercenaries and other bought servants to kill your men, women and children; to blow up your schools, mosques and hospitals, and to burn your wheat stocks, houses, shops and commodities."

Karmal's speech was the most forthright public admission so far that all is not well under the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. In fact, the insurgency by fierce Muslim *mujahidin* (holy warriors) is not only going strong but in some parts of the country has spread and intensified. Eight months after their Christmas invasion, the Soviets have still not been able to gain control over much of the rugged countryside. Despite the presence of 80,000 troops inside the country, the Kremlin has gained nothing more than a humiliating military deadlock. Says former U.S. Ambassador to Afghanistan Robert Neumann: "On the one hand, the Soviets can hang on for as long as they want. On the other hand, they can't win. The people of Afghanistan are not going to let them win." At week's end a high-ranking team of Soviet experts had arrived in Kabul for what diplomats said was to be a major review of the bogged-down war effort.

Recent visitors to Kabul report an uneasy siege atmosphere. After months of trying to keep a low profile, Soviet armored personnel carriers have reappeared at street corners and in front of public buildings. The city's outskirts are ringed with Soviet heavy armor. After dark, Kabul police stop all taxis for thorough identification and weapons searches. Reason for the precautions: Soviet fears about Afghan army mutinies, guerrilla infiltrators and even possible rebel attacks on the capital.

Hit-and-run raids by bands of insurgents have become bigger and bolder. Radio Kabul described the pursuit and capture of what it called 62 "subversive elements" near Kholm, northwest of the capital. Clashes have also been reported in Ghazni, Lowgar and Vardak provinces, which lie southwest of Kabul. The village of Mohammad Za'i, just six miles south of the capital, has been the scene of two successive *mujahidin* assaults. First the rebels set fire to the local hospital and school; a few weeks later they returned

"It Will Be Like Viet Nam"

For all its efforts to lessen the impact of the Afghanistan invasion on Soviet citizens, the Kremlin leadership is beginning to discover that the war has caused considerable disquiet and difficulties on the home front. Although there are no credible casualty figures, Dissident Andrei Sakharov has spoken of "thousands" of Soviet deaths; relatives and friends of soldiers have become uncomfortably aware that the number of casualties is high. According to Moscow-based European diplomats, Soviet authorities have stopped burying soldiers with full military honors in an apparent attempt to divert attention from the deaths. Many of the seriously wounded have been flown for treatment to hospitals in East Germany instead of the U.S.S.R., apparently to conceal the extent of casualties.

Now, says a European businessman, "all over Moscow, for the first time, people are beginning to whisper in the shops, to ask what exactly is going on." Some Westerners attending the Olympic Games heard plaintive and angry words about Afghanistan, usually from people who brought up the subject themselves. Reported one such observer:

A wide range of Soviet citizens raised the issue, speaking openly, worriedly and almost compulsively. The first was a young woman who, after a brief back-and-forth about the Olympic boycott, admitted: "We should never have gone into Afghanistan. Never. We will fight there for years. It was a terrible mistake. It will be like Viet Nam." When it was suggested that, tragically, thousands of soldiers will come home in coffins, she wheeled with frustration in her eyes: "What do you mean *will?* Thousands already have come home in coffins. And it is only the beginning."

Another conversation was with an official involved in security for the Games. "I have two friends who have been killed in Afghanistan," he confided. "One I have known since boyhood. He has a daughter too, just as I do. I look at my child and I think of my friend and I wonder should we ever have had children? It is a terrible time for children when their fathers may have to go to war."

His voice flared with anger, and he made a spitting gesture. He explained that traditionally the graves of fallen Soviet soldiers have been inscribed DIED FOR THE MOTHERLAND. But not for Afghanistan. "Do you know what they put on their tombstones? Four words: DIED FOR INTERNATIONAL DUTY! What is that? I do not know what 'international duty' is. But this is what they put on the graves." And he made the contemptuous spitting gesture again.

TUMBLER SMIRNOFF STYLE.

I'M SITTING THERE CATCHING A FEW RAYS, SIPPING MY LEMONADE AND SMIRNOFF JUST A SPRITZ, YOU KNOW FOR ZIP? AND I'M REALLY INTO THAT ICY FEISTY YELLOW FEVER WHEN ZAP! SHE DUMPS ME. HEY JOANIE, HOW COME I'M SUCH A PUSHOVER FOR YOU?

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Box

NOW
Less than 0.01 mg tar is the lowest

Also available in 100's and Soft Pack.

BOX: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.005 mg. nicotine
100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method. SOFT PACK FILTER, MENTHOL
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and blew up the power station. The Soviets hit back with a series of aerial strikes by MiG-21s and Mi-24 helicopter gunships, which have become their most successful anti-insurgency weapon.

The Soviets have suffered their worst setback in Herat (pop. 160,000), an ancient trading center at the western edge of the country. There the government's control has all but collapsed, and much of the city has turned into a lawless no man's land. Bands of armed rebels fight Afghan troops day and night. Bandits roam freely, robbing people of money and food at gunpoint. One of the city's well-known medical facilities, the Nur Eye Clinic, was closed, and its staff, including foreign physicians, was evacuated to Kabul. Soviet forces have stayed outside the city, apparently for fear of becoming embroiled in a major, costly battle.

The Afghan army, which once totaled 100,000 troops, has "largely disintegrated," according to a British expert. Wholesale desertions have reduced its strength to an estimated 30,000, despite a conscription campaign that is more dragnet than draft call. Recruits have been virtually dragooned. Selected areas of Kabul are cordoned off, usually at night, while military police sift through the neighborhood on a house-to-house search for prospective soldiers.

On the political front, Karmal has had little luck in forming a more broadly based government that might make him look less of a Soviet puppet. He has attempted to purge the hard-line Khalq faction of the ruling People's Democratic Party in favor of his own relatively more pragamtic Parcham faction. But the campaign has only compounded the fractious resentments of the bureaucracy. The purge also provoked at least one major mutiny in the Afghan army, 80% of whose officers are Khalqs. Two units, at least 400 men, of the 14th armored division in Ghazni province suddenly defected to the rebels after their commander was sacked and replaced by a Parcham officer. In response, the Soviets sent in two troop lifts from the airbase at Bagram to blast the defectors out of the hillside villages where they had fled.

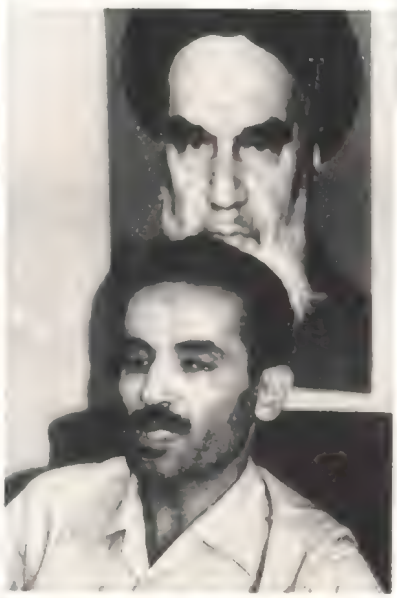
For all their protestations about the "temporary" nature of their presence in the country, the Soviets show every sign of turning Afghanistan into a satellite. They call the shots in almost every ministry, usually by means of an adviser who has the title of Deputy Minister. By decree, Russian has become the second language in the schools. Currently, a team of Soviet specialists is drafting a new economic plan for Afghanistan that will be carefully tailored to fit into the general scheme of Comecon, the Soviet-dominated trade association. The preparation of the plan, however, has been delayed because Soviet officials are afraid to travel outside Kabul. —*By Jordan Bonfante. Reported by Marcia Gauger/New Delhi*

IRAN

The Majlis Chooses a Modest Man

And the "brazen-faced mullahs" consolidate their power

"I am Imam Khomeini's follower, the parliament's child and Banisadr's brother." With that modest assessment of his qualifications, Mohammed Ali Raja'i last week accepted his election as Iran's Prime Minister. Raja'i, as Winston Churchill said about another man, has every reason to be modest. His meager government experience was limited to a ten-month stint as Minister of Education, a post in which he mainly presided over the closing of schools and universities in the name of "Islamization." President Abolhassan Banisadr, who is constitutionally responsible for nominating the Prime Minister, considered Raja'i headstrong, ill-informed and unfit for the job. In fact, the 47-year-old former mathematics teacher seemed to have had only one thing going for him: a fanatical attachment to the Islamic fundamentalism of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini.



Prime Minister Raja'i, with Khomeini portrait

No popular following, little savvy.

Nonetheless, that was enough to recommend Raja'i to members of the clergy-controlled Islamic Republic Party, which dominates Iran's parliament, the Majlis. That body approved Raja'i's nomination by the lopsided vote of 153 to 24, with 19 abstentions. Banisadr had stated publicly that he considered Raja'i a bad choice. But he finally bowed to clerical pressures and nominated Raja'i at the "recommendation" of a parliamentary commission controlled by the I.R.P. Explained a senior civil servant: "Khomeini was becoming impatient. It was obvious that the more brazen-faced mullahs would win."

Perhaps the most brazen of all the mullahs, Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, thus consolidated his party's power and made good on a seven-month-old vow to reduce the popularly elected President to a figurehead. Even Banisadr's attempt to retain his constitutional veto rights over Cabinet appointments was rudely quashed by the mullahs. "The Prime Minister," insisted Beheshti, "must be free to choose anyone he deems fit for Cabinet positions."

Raja'i is unlikely to be much more than a front man for Beheshti and his clerical allies. The new Prime Minister is unimposing in person; he has no popular following and little apparent political savvy. Critics say that he is "headstrong" only when standing on firm ground. Arrested for distributing antigovernment literature in 1974, Raja'i is said by fellow inmates to have begged for mercy when tortured by SAVAK, the Shah's secret police. "His behavior at the time was certainly not heroic," notes one former prisoner. Students in his math classes at the Kamal Islamic high school in Tehran describe Raja'i as "inflexible" and "humorless," qualities that he appears to have brought with him into political life. He showed an awesome highhandedness as Minister of Education, for example, by disbanding the entire provincial school system in the rebellious western region of Kurdistan and firing 12,000 teachers. His reason: Communists had allegedly infiltrated the schools.

Raja'i's problems with the Kurds are likely to continue. There was renewed fighting in the strife-torn province last week; at least 155 autonomist rebels and 160 government troops were reportedly killed in clashes near the town of Baneh. Charging the Soviet Union and Iran's Communist Tudeh Party with supporting the Kurdish insurgents, Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh fired off a blistering letter to Moscow. The letter, one of Iran's strongest anti-Soviet statements to date, repeated a demand that the Soviet embassy staff in Tehran be reduced and angrily accused the Kremlin leadership of being "no less satanic than the U.S.A."

The outburst against Moscow in no way diminished the country's anti-American passions. One leading cleric, Seyyed Ali Khamenei, declared in a fiery sermon that "if this state of confrontation with the United States does not exist, our revolution will be deviated." The Majlis this week is expected to approve the Raja'i Cabinet, which technically will clear the way for a debate on the fate of the 52 U.S. hostages. There seems to be little hope for their immediate release, since most members of parliament want at least some of the hostages to be tried as spies. ■

SOUTH KOREA

Harsh Politics

Eliminating the opposition

Handcuffed and flanked by helmeted military policemen, South Korea's leading dissident Kim Dae Jung, 54, went on trial in Seoul last week on charges of trying to overthrow the government. Kim, once a leading candidate for his country's presidency, has been under arrest since last May. Dressed in a baggy white suit, with the number 201 stenciled on his tunic, he looked haggard and subdued as the 154-page indictment was read.

Kim's trial, which could last for several months, might result in a death sentence. His prosecution was clearly a key step in the effort by South Korea's strongman General Chun Du Hwan to eliminate the last traces of political opposition to his rule. Two days after the trial began, figurehead President Choi Kyu Hah resigned. His successor, Acting President Park Choong Hoon, called for elections to be held "as expeditiously as possible." General Chun clearly intends to simplify the choice for the voters. They will not be able to vote for Kim Dae Jung, who stands accused of raising money for the purpose of insurrection, with 23 of his campaign supporters named as accomplices. Another potential candidate, Kim Young Sam, leader of the opposition New Democratic Party, last week announced his resignation from politics.

Concerned that Chun's harsh repressive measures could set off the leftist revolt he fears, the U.S., Japan, West Germany and seven other nations barraged Seoul last week with diplomatic protests as Kim's trial got under way. The State Department branded the charges against him "farfetched" and called for a fair trial. In response, Seoul condemned the "intemperate statements of foreign government officials concerning the trial."

In fact, short of withdrawing its military support—a disastrous option that would lay South Korea open to invasion by the 600,000-man North Korean army —there is seemingly little that the U.S. can do to restrain Chun's ironfisted methods. Last week some 30,500 so-called hooligans and gangsters were arrested; most of them were shipped off to "rehabilitation camps." The crackdown followed large-scale dismissals in July of more than 8,000 state and federal employees on charges of corruption and inefficiency.

In private, many South Koreans deplore Chun's measures as "terror tactics." But a growing segment of the financially strapped business community appears willing to put up with him. Inflation has now passed 20%, unemployment is rising and many bankruptcies have occurred as foreign investment fell off in the wake of riots in Seoul and Kwangju earlier this year. Longing for the orderly economic growth they enjoyed under an earlier strongman, the late President Park Chung Hee, many industrialists are reluctant to concern themselves with the fates of Kim Dae Jung or other Chun targets. ■

Kim Dae Jung hears the charges against him

More concerned about stability.

POLAND

Shipyard Strike

Tide of protest engulfs Gdansk

Ten years ago, violent food price riots broke out in the grimy Baltic seaport of Gdansk, spread rapidly to other regions and threatened to sweep the country. The government's brutal response left hundreds of workers dead and forced the resignation of Communist Party Leader Wladyslaw Gomulka. His successor, Edward Gierek, had good cause to reflect upon those events last week. The workers of Gdansk were up in arms again: 16,000 angry employees of the Lenin Shipyard went on strike and occupied the sprawling complex. They were soon joined by bus drivers and workers at some 17 other factories, and the number of strikers swelled to more than 50,000.

The Gdansk upheaval capped a seven-week wave of strikes in Poland, most of them protesting the sharp rise in meat prices since July 1. More than 200 factories and enterprises have been affected by unrest in such cities as Warsaw, Lublin, Lodz and Wroclaw. Since the strikes began, the government has offered pay increases totaling some $117 million, but has refused to lower meat prices.

The Gdansk workers tacked a number of political demands onto their calls for a $67-a-month pay increase and a rollback of meat prices. Among them: the establishment of more representative trade unions and the building of a monument to the 49 Gdansk workers killed during the 1970 riots. Seeking to avoid another bloody confrontation, officials at first showed a surprising willingness to negotiate, even at the risk of conferring a *de facto* legitimacy on the right to strike. Hours after the Gdansk action began, the state-controlled press reported that the government had offered a $40-a-month pay increase, a sum the strikers rejected. But official patience appeared to fray as the strike spread. Shortly after Gierek returned from a visit to the Soviet Union, Premier Edward Babiuch hinted ominously on national television that Poland's "unbreakable allies" might have to act unless "we can overcome these problems."

At week's end, the official Polish news agency announced that a tentative settlement with the shipyard workers had fallen through after a few hours. Workers in Gdansk, however, claimed to have ended their strike after winning a $50 pay raise; they said they would continue to occupy the shipyard through the weekend in solidarity with strikers elsewhere. ■

CUBA

Havana-Bound

An epidemic of skyjackings

It seems a throwback to the air piracy of the late 1960s, when skyjackings steered dozens of planes to Cuba. The motive now, as it often was then, is homesickness. Last week six commercial U.S. airliners were hijacked and forced to fly to Havana, apparently by Cuban refugees who had come to the U.S. on the recent Freedom Flotilla. First, a Key West–bound Air Florida 737 with 33 people aboard was commandeered by a Spanish-speaking man wielding a "bomb" that turned out to be a box containing a bar of soap. Next, another Air Florida 737, headed from Key West to Miami with 74 aboard, was seized by seven passengers who threatened to ignite a bottle of gasoline. Then, a National Airlines DC-10 bound for Puerto Rico was forced to Havana by two Spanish-speaking men who also threatened to set the plane on fire.

On Saturday alone, three planes were forcibly detoured to Cuba: an Eastern Air Lines 727 en route to Orlando; a Republic Air Lines DC-9 headed from Miami to Orlando; and a Delta Air Lines widebody L-1011, flying from Puerto Rico to Los Angeles with 165 aboard. In the first three cases, the passengers were unharmed and the planes were allowed to return to the U.S.; the fate of passengers and planes in the last three was unresolved at week's end. The second seizure provided a clue to the common motivation, after a would-be member of the hijack gang was arrested at Key West and explained how they felt. "They were very despondent," said FBI Agent Bill Hayes, "mostly because they missed their families." ■

BOLIVIA

An Argentine Connection?

Arrests by goon squads, and torture by a vicious junta

Show of force: armored vehicle bars the entrance to San Andrés University in La Paz

A reign of terror has descended on Bolivia in the four weeks since the military took over in a coup directed by General Luis García Meza. Outwardly the signs of military rule are few. A handful of uniformed police, toting FAL automatic rifles, guard La Paz's El Alto airport. Halftracks bar the entrance to the capital's San Andrés University campus, and rangers in dark berets patrol outside Miraflores military garrison, the headquarters of the army general staff. The main sign of activity at Miraflores is an irregular flow of white Toyota ambulances without license plates used to transport prisoners rounded up for questioning by armed civilians working for the regime. To Bolivians inquiring worriedly about friends or relatives who have disappeared behind Miraflores' yellow plastered walls, the usual answer is, "We have no prisoners." Foreign observers estimate, however, that at least 2,000 people have been arrested since the takeover; hundreds are said to have been killed.*

Presidential Candidate Zuazo

Junta Leader Meza

An irregular flow of ambulances behind yellow plastered walls.

Bolivians by now are fairly accustomed to coups; they have lived through four *golpes* in the past 26 months, a total of 189 since the country became independent in 1825. Yet the García Meza junta has shown itself to be unusually vicious. After gaining control of most of the country on July 17, it claimed that "electoral fraud" had given a plurality of votes to leftist Candidate Hernán Siles Zuazo in the June presidential elections. Because none of the candidates had won a majority, congress was to have chosen a President in early August. Siles Zuazo was expected to win easily, and would undoubtedly have picked new military chiefs. When the military stepped in, Siles Zuazo went into hiding.

The widespread use of torture in the postcoup crackdown as well as the random arrests by roving civilian goon squads suggest that the junta has been getting some expert help in repression from the outside. The most likely accomplice is military-ruled Argentina, which was the first nation to recognize the new regime in La Paz. For years Argentina has maintained a mission of slightly more than a dozen intelligence officers in Bolivia, ostensibly to teach at Bolivian military institutions. Their ranks almost doubled before the coup.

Other circumstantial evidence of Argentine involvement includes ammunition and ration boxes marked MADE IN ARGENTINA that have been found in La Paz. A Bolivian official who was detained at Miraflores reported that one of his interrogator-torturers referred to him as *che*, a common term of familiarity in Argentina. U.S. analysts believe that García Meza would not have acted had it not been for assurances of Argentine financial support following the takeover. Said a senior U.S. State Department official: "Argentine fingerprints are all over this thing."

Argentine President Jorge Rafael Videla has emphatically denied any such involvement, though he said that he viewed the Bolivian military "with much sympathy." Videla did admit to sending food and money—to aid the Bolivian people rather than the military, he explained —"because we do not want in South America what Cuba signifies in Central America." The allusion was curious, considering that the Communists have not fared well in Bolivia since the failure of Che Guevara's 1966-67 effort to launch a people's war there.

With or without Argentine backing, the García Meza regime is on weak ground. Only eight countries, among them Israel, South Africa and Paraguay, recognize it. Tin miners continue a costly strike ($1.5 million a day in lost export earnings). Not even all the military approve of the coup: García Meza's reshuffling of troop commanders is seen as a clear sign of suspect allegiance. Archbishop Jorge Manriquez Hurtado of La Paz and Bolivia's Council of Bishops have condemned the junta for creating a "climate of violence." On Aug. 6, Independence Day, the day he probably would have been chosen President, Siles Zuazo announced from his hideaway that he was forming a clandestine "government of the Bolivian people." He called the García Meza regime one of "national destruction," and described it as facing "overwhelming" resistance.

The most decisive blows against the junta will probably come from the outside in the form of economic sanctions —painful for a country that has no foreign exchange reserves and is dependent on aid. Venezuela has frozen $285 million in credit. About $123 million, mostly in development aid, has been lost with the suspension of U.S. disbursements. Bolivia's balance of payments deficit for 1980 is now forecast to be $500 million; with tin exports interrupted, the junta may in effect go bankrupt before it has a chance to do more damage. In addition to eliminating all military assistance and sharply cutting back on economic aid, the U.S. last week announced that it was ending a joint program of narcotics control with the Bolivians. Reason: strong evidence that some leading members of the junta were trafficking in cocaine. ■

*One prisoner released from detention last week was U.S. Journalist Mary Helen Spooner, who spent six days in jail after being charged with defaming the new regime. She was freed and expelled to Peru after the intervention of two British publications for which she writes.

Lunchtime shoppers at Macy's in New York City: "A feeling that we have reached the bottom and the worst is behind us"

RALPH MORSE

Economy & Business

Those Cautious Consumers

Inflation-battered and recession-weary buyers return slowly to stores

The consumer carries the U.S. economy on his back. He accounts for two-thirds of America's gross national product; and during last fall and winter, he fueled the longest peacetime period of economic expansion in modern times by buying goods that he knew would only cost more next month. This attitude has proved to be right on target. In July, the prices paid by wholesalers rose 1.7% or at a yearly rate of 22.4%. But by the beginning of 1980, consumer spending was slowing down, and when the Federal Reserve Board tightened credit in March, the public put away its plastic. As a consequence, the economy fell hard. Retail sales, which had started to soften in January, plummeted for the next four months by $4.9 billion. In the second quarter of the year, the G.N.P. declined at a startling 9.1% annual rate.

Now some retailers are beginning to see a few wispy signs that the consumer may be again reaching for his wallet. Says Charles Duchen, chairman of Younkers Inc., a department store chain based in Des Moines: "In the past four or five weeks, the consumer has grown more confident. There is a feeling that we have reached the bottom and the worst is behind us." Adds James Zimmerman, president of Rich's in Atlanta: "Back-to-school sales are already very good."

That optimism was reflected last week in retail sales, which were up 2% during July, after an increase of 1.4% in June. More than half the July rise came from autos, as dealers finally began unloading some unsold models; but car sales were still substantially below July 1979 levels.

The Conference Board, a Manhattan business research group, last week also reported a sharp increase in consumer confidence. The monthly survey of 5,000 households had been declining steadily since November 1979, and it hit bottom in May, when only 42.1% felt optimistic about current business conditions and the future of the economy. But Fabian Linden, the director of the survey, reports: "There was a rather marked and surprising increase in consumer spirits beginning in June, and that was repeated more dramatically in July." In those two months, the index spurted 16 points, to 58.1%.

Though July is not normally a strong month for merchants, a number of the bigger retailers managed to ring up good sales on selected items. Unusually hot summer weather had Sears, Roebuck and Co. customers in Chicago snapping up air conditioners and fans. At Macy's in New York City last week, business was brisk in men's clothing and home electronics.

But as sales are being made, profits are going down. Says Thomas Langenfeld of Minneapolis' Dayton Hudson chain: "Customers are responding mostly to clear-cut value and reductions. A substantial part of our sales is being achieved by cutting prices. Profits are being squeezed." Almost all the large chains are feeling the profits pinch. Industry Analyst Stuart Robbins of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins expects second-quarter earnings for twelve of the biggest retailers to decline by an average 25% to 30%. Last week J.C. Penney Co. announced that profits for April through June were down 69%, to a negligible $5 million on sales of $2.5 billion. Last week the perennially

troubled Korvettes Inc., the retail chain, was saved from probable bankruptcy when its French parent was able to restructure the store's $57.2 million in bank loans. Some suppliers had already halted shipments to the store.

Despite the modest increase in retail sales, it is unlikely that consumer spending will pull the economy out of recession this year, as it did in 1975. Wary customers are still doing most of their buying for cash rather than on credit. In California the Carter Hawley Hale chain reports that in the first half of the year there was a 2½% drop in credit sales. Consumers in June decreased their debt load by $3.46 billion, after a $3.43 billion drop in May. Any cash left over is now being stashed away in savings accounts. The level of savings, which was down to a paltry 3.5% of disposable income in January, has risen to 4.7%. Says William McDonald of Woodward & Lothrop, a Washington-based department store chain: "Consumers were made to believe it was unpatriotic to buy with credit, and that mood will be very slow to unwind."

Consumers are also likely to remain sluggish spenders because inflation and taxes are taking away such a large hunk of their incomes. The after-inflation real hourly earnings of Americans dropped by 5.6% during the first three months of 1980, the eighth straight quarter that price rises had got the better of paychecks. The tax bite is getting bigger too. Just when the economy is expected to start picking up, a $12.4 billion increase in Social Security taxes will take effect in January. This will raise the amount paid by a family of four earning $25,000 a year by $130 next year. Concludes Commerce Department Economist Ago Ambre: "The outlook for consumer income in the absence of any big tax cut is pretty bleak."

The American consumer usually has a shrewd and speedy reaction to economic change, and right now he appears to be thinking that the bottom of the recession may have passed. It might be a while, however, before he starts consuming in earnest. Said Rudolph Glin, vice president of Milwaukee's Boston Store: "It's like clawing your way up a cliff with your fingernails. It is still tough to sell, but the consumer is motivated to buy if it is an item of real value." The American customer is currently digging out of debt and is very careful about how he spends his money, but he is also again beginning to cast a curious eye toward shop windows. *—By Julie Connelly. Reported by Patricia Delaney/Chicago and William Blaylock/Washington*

Bargains with Few Frills

Other department stores may try to win back recession-scarred consumers with glamorized décor, personalized service and accordion-like credit arrangements. But K mart Corp. knows that the way to the shopper's heart is still through the pocketbook. Most of the 1,750 stores around the country that show off the company's big red *K* are riding out the recession relatively well, and the discount chain may displace Sears, Roebuck and Co. as the U.S.'s leading retailer.

K mart has prospered because of a no-frills policy that places the premium on value. In stores that usually have the ambience of a supermarket, customers can wander amid clothing, lawn chairs and stereos, rarely encountering a sales assistant. But the prices, as much as 15% below those at tonier stores, make up for the inconvenience.

Packed K mart parking lot, Southfield, Mich.

The discount chain rang up $12.7 billion in sales last year, with profits of $358 million, second only to Sears' $17.5 billion volume. In the first six months of 1980, K mart's sales grew by an additional 14.1%, while Sears slid 2.2% and Penney's rose a mere 1%. Since K mart's sales have averaged a 19.3% annual growth since 1970, many analysts expect that it will pass Sears by the mid-'80s. Says Detroit Investment Analyst Mariann Kotas: "Leaving aside Sears' insurance business, K mart already is No. 1 in retail profits."

Founded in 1962, K mart was the brainchild of Harry Cunningham, the former chairman of S.S. Kresge Co., a stagnant chain of central-city dime stores. Convinced that Kresge's inner-city stores held little promise, Cunningham persuaded the company's board to invest $80 million in some 60 suburban K mart outlets. In four years, K mart's sales overtook those of Kresge stores, and in 1977 Kresge was renamed in honor of its successful spin-off.

Keeping prices low is not easy, even for a large chain. K mart has succeeded primarily by careful planning and by accumulating remarkably little debt. The company leases all its buildings to avoid construction loans and mortgages. The chain will soon complete its network of eleven regional warehouses, located within a one-day drive of most stores, allowing K mart stores to keep inventories at a minimum, reducing a major source of debt. The distribution network also allows local managers to order merchandise independently. As a result, K mart's Sunbelt stores never get stuck with too many Snowbelt specialties, like ice hockey sticks.

K mart's new chairman, Bernard M. Fauber, 57, has plans to keep the chain expanding. He intends to open 180 to 190 new stores a year, many of them in urban and rural areas that the chain does not reach now. New stores are likely to be only about half the size of K mart's normal retail barns. Fauber insists that by 1990 K mart will have 3,000 outlets, making it nearly as ubiquitous as McDonald's or Burger King.

Fauber is also planning a perhaps dangerous shift in retail strategy. The chain is now expanding its range of goods, especially in clothing, and spiffing up the looks of its spartan stores. Says Fauber: "We aim to get a bigger share of customers' paychecks." Sears tried that same tactic, but ended up losing many low-budget customers to K mart. While K mart's efforts to draw better-heeled patrons should further broaden its appeal, they could also backfire and leave the company vulnerable to the same consumer malaise that has afflicted other retailers during the recession. Fauber, nonetheless, feels confident that he can polish his money machine by giving K mart a little glamour.

Stirrings From a Sleeping Giant

A T & T reacts to a billion-dollar telecommunications shake-up

When it comes to go-getter companies for the 1980s, the name Ma Bell does not leap readily to mind. For years the world's largest business enterprise, with assets of more than $114 billion, has also been one of the dullest. Its deserved reputation is that of a lumbering pachyderm, content with its status as a Government-protected monopoly that controls 83% of the U.S. telephone market.

Chairman Charles L. Brown

That situation is now changing, and fast. Regulatory reform in Washington and the breakneck advances of computer technology have conspired to create a far-reaching shake-up in the U.S.'s $100 billion-a-year telecommunications industry. This will probably mean big markets as well as potentially huge problems for A T & T.

On the one hand, the company's privileged monopoly status is under attack in the courts by the Justice Department as well as some 37 private companies, which are pressing their own antitrust suits against Bell. In June, upstart little MCI of Washington, D.C. (sales: $144 million annually), won a staggering $1.8 billion in damages from a federal court in Chicago after charging that A T & T had conspired to block its entry into the long-distance telephone market. Now MCI is selling its phone service in such leading markets as New York City, Houston and San Diego. The company's brashly imitative advertising campaign tells customers to "reach out and touch someone. But do it for half of what Bell charges." Meanwhile, ITT, Western Union and even the parent corporation of the Southern Pacific railroad have started up similar operations.

More unsettling still for Bell, Congress currently has bills before it that will loosen up regulation throughout the entire industry and invite even more competition. In fact, companies such as General Telephone & Electronics and ITT are already challenging A T & T's dominance over phone equipment by selling telephones themselves, as are a host of smaller firms that have been cranking out toylike phone gadgets that look like beer cans, Mickey Mouse and Superman. The devices connect right up to the Bell lines in homes or offices. A T & T is fighting back through its 1,800 PhoneCenter retail outlets around the country, which offer an equally broad array of telephone designs to customers.

Yet even as the company's competitors multiply, new and enticing opportunities for A T & T are proliferating elsewhere. The most promising field is microcomputer electronics—that arcane world where the telephone meets the computer.

Until now, Bell has been blocked from moving full force into the lucrative new market of data communications, in which information is transferred directly from one computer to another, thereby eliminating, among other things, the need for companies to shuffle bulky reels of electronic tape back and forth between offices by mail or messenger service. But in April the Federal Communications Commission ruled that the restriction was stifling the growth of the entire communications industry. Thus the FCC declared that the company could start offering just about any sort of computer-based telephone service it wished.

The FCC decision, which is almost certain to provoke a rash of court attacks by angry Bell competitors, is nonetheless likely to speed the development of a host of fascinating new uses for the telephone. Before the decade is over, telephones will become the central components in entire home computer systems, programmed to turn on and off household appliances on cue, store family financial records or pay bills, and even scan data banks for shopping bargains at neighborhood stores.

The FCC required that by 1982 the company set up a wholly independent subsidiary, which has already been nicknamed Baby Bell, to manage its new computer-based services. Even at birth, Baby Bell will be a behemoth, with fully 15% of A T & T's total assets; and size alone will give it advantages. But tough competitors are getting together. In October a $375 million joint venture of IBM, Comsat and Aetna Life and Casualty Co. will launch its first voice-, data- and image-transmitting satellite, almost overnight becoming A T & T's biggest single competitor.

To hold its own, Baby Bell will have to develop the marketing and sales finesse that A T & T, as a regulated monopoly, has never needed. Unlike the top executives of aggressive, growth-oriented companies like IBM, who tend to rise through the ranks of sales and marketing, Ma Bell's managers from Chairman Charles L. Brown on down have traditionally had engineering and technical backgrounds. But the new frontier of communications is too promising to ignore. Says Chairman Brown: "We are going to draw a bead on the information market, the dimensions of which had hardly been perceived a half-dozen years ago." With that sort of eagerness beginning to percolate through Bell, the coming telecommunications battles of the 1980s are shaping up as some of the biggest, most colorful slugging matches in U.S. corporate history. ■

Toylike telephones made by manufacturers that are chipping away at Ma Bell's dominance

Pollution Wars

A lawsuit that turns tables

For more than a decade outraged environmentalists have marched countless companies into court on charges that they are polluting nature. But a corporation has turned the tables and sued the environmentalists for libel. One year ago, Rick Webb, 31, coordinator of West Virginia Mountain Stream Monitors Project, an environmental group, charged in his sporadically produced newsletter that the strip-mine operation of the D.L.M. Coal Corp. of Buckhannon, W. Va., had "destroyed" seven miles of trout streams on the Buckhannon River as a result of sulfuric acid and iron poisoning. Webb's complaint helped result in a federal inspection and a pollution study of land near the mines by the Environmental Protection Agency.

Though firms normally are reluctant to challenge such allegations in court because the cases can result in bad publicity, D.L.M. decided to fight. Last month it filed a $200,000 libel suit charging that Webb's account was "totally false and untrue, defamatory and libelous, intentionally and maliciously published."

Webb claims he is not dismayed by the suit, saying, "It has spotlighted the problem better than we ever could have done." Some businessmen, though, feel that the case will have a sobering effect on environmental activists. ■

Sorry, No Smut

Tempest in an oil barrel

Drilling rig in Nigeria's Abiteye field

Had three of the world's largest and richest oil companies been caught cheating a major OPEC oil-producing nation out of $6.1 billion? Or was it simply that the OPEC producer was attempting to blame the oil companies for the missing money in order to cover up its own administrative incompetence?

For a briefly tantalizing moment last week, those were the questions being asked in the world of Big Oil. Breathless dispatches out of Lagos, Nigeria, hinted at an erupting major scandal. On one side were the Royal Dutch/Shell Group, Mobil and Gulf Oil. Arrayed against them was the ten-month-old civilian government of President Alhaji Shehu Shagari, which seemed to be charging that the oil companies had somehow or other tricked it out of 183 million bbl. of high-quality Nigerian crude. The government appeared to demand that the oil be either returned or paid for. The situation took on added importance because Nigeria is the U.S.'s largest supplier of crude oil (923,000 bbl. a day) after Saudi Arabia.

In fact there was far less to the diverting little drama than met the eye. Though front-page stories in the U.S. anxiously warned that the action by Nigeria had dealt a serious blow to oil companies and consumers alike, the Shagari government had done nothing of the kind. The stillborn scandal really amounted to something considerably different from what the overeager press reporting in Lagos and the U.S. implied.

The confusion began a year ago when the *Punch*, a newspaper that is more noted for its third-page cheesecake than its investigative prowess, reported that approximately $5 billion was missing from the accounts of the government-run Nigerian National Petroleum Corp. In response to the charges, the newly installed Shagari government last spring appointed a five-man tribunal to investigate. The group's report, which was released two weeks ago, noted that the government's oil records were a shambles, but that there was no evidence of any missing funds.

Instead the tribunal concluded that during the years 1975-78, when Nigerian crude was not selling well because of a short-lived world oil glut, the three oil companies, which pump approximately 80% of Nigeria's normal production of some 2 million bbl. daily, had cut back production, at the government's request, to an average of about 1.7 million bbl. a day. Traditionally, the companies had been splitting their production on a 45%-55% basis with the government, for daily liftings of about 1 million bbl. of crude. In order to stay at that level, the companies kept somewhat more of the reduced daily production for themselves and delivered somewhat less to the government.

The Nigerian government settled for that arrangement in hopes of offsetting as much revenue loss as possible. The oil companies continued to pay the same taxes and royalties, even though overall Nigerian production had declined.

Now, with oil prices nearly triple what they were two years ago, the Nigerians want to start pumping some of the oil that they left untapped before, and the real issue between the two sides boils down to who is going to pay the cost of pumping it out of the ground. That is something the three companies will probably be happy to discuss. ■

Owning-Up Time

"Your check is in the mail"

With sales slow, interest rates high and money tight, businessmen are looking for any creative way to make their bottom lines look better. One sharp-pencil technique is euphemistically called "prudent cash management." But to its victims this is the old game of "Your check is in the mail." Says John Gordana, president of Equitable Adjustment Service, Inc., in New Jersey: "Normally responsible executives with good credit records are conjuring up ingenious techniques to stall or avoid bill payments."

Manufacturers took an average of 45 days to pay their bills during the first quarter of 1980, a sharp increase from 40.5 days in 1976. Among the worst offenders: department-store chains and auto manufacturers. One Los Angeles giftware importer and distributor explains frankly: "We've intentionally slowed our bill payments by about 15 days because our collections are not as good as normal and the cost of money is high."

By taking as long as 120 days to pay bills usually due in 30 days, companies can stretch available cash and reduce bank credit requirements. Even big companies are getting into the act. Before it received its federally guaranteed loan in June, Chrysler Corp. developed expert skills at stringing along its suppliers. It wangled extended terms and price cuts, and even talked some suppliers into accepting Chrysler cars in lieu of cash.

Corporate treasurers have become artful in explaining away their delinquencies. Blaming the post office is now as old-fashioned as the roll-top desk. More up-to-date bromides include: "My firm's headquarters is in Paris, and the checks come from there"; "We're missing your invoice"; or "Our computer broke down."

To keep cash flowing in on schedule, many companies are hiring commercial collection agencies. Business is thriving for the so-called corporate knee breakers who skim 20% to 25% from each collected debt. During the first three months of the year, they corralled 22% more outstanding debts than during the same period in 1979. This year collections are expected to exceed $1.3 billion.

Other firms prefer to handle deadbeats on their own. During the 1973-75 recession, the Trane Co., an air conditioner manufacturer in La Crosse, Wis., had to carry $750 million in due bills. Now, Trane starts leaning on customers after 30 days. If the bill is not paid within 90 days, Trane goes to court and obtains a mechanic's lien on the building where the equipment is installed. Recalcitrant contractors usually pay up fast.

One of the toughest creditors is now the Federal Government. If people are slow in paying their tax bills, the Internal Revenue Service increasingly seizes everything from houses to cars and boats. The goods are then sold at auction. So far, the number of IRS seizures has increased by 44% this year, and some local tax offices have started contests to see who can pick up the most goods in a month.

As the trend to slow settlements grows, the old 2% discount for quick cash payment has fallen into disuse and abuse. Says Debt Collector Gordana: "Cash discounts now cause nothing but trouble." Some brazen slow payers even deduct the bonus from their bills, though they have waited several months to put the check in the mail. Berol, U.S.A., a writing instruments manufacturer in Danbury, Conn., discovered that too many customers were pocketing the unearned discount. It thus cut the cash allowance in half and now sends dunning letters to those that do not pay up on time. ■

Illustrations for TIME by Chas. B. Slackman

A Mountain of Debt in Brazil

International bankers are hooked by the biggest borrower

On those frequent occasions when their country careens toward yet another seemingly insoluble crisis, Brazilians like to reaffirm their abiding faith in last-minute miraculous rescues. "God," they say, "is a Brazilian." If ever Brazil needed divine intervention it is now.

With its huge size and vast mineral resources, Brazil ought to be one of the world's most prosperous nations. Instead a series of policy blunders and punishing outside factors have pushed the colossus of the south once again into a quagmire of economic problems.

After subsiding for nearly a decade, inflation is now racing upward at the stunning annual rate of 106.8%. Ironically, that is even a litle higher than the rate that prompted Brazil's generals in 1964 to overthrow duly elected President João Goulart and establish a military dictatorship. Meanwhile, the Brazilian cruzeiro continues to plummet in value—from 26 to 54 per $1 during the past twelve months. Unemployment is climbing, and only a fraction of the young people entering the labor pool each year ever find jobs. One consequence: alarming crime rates in the ever more overcrowded cities.

In addition to these problems, Brazil has a relatively new and even more pressing problem—piles and piles of debt. Keeping company with such indigent nations as Zaïre, Peru and Bangladesh, Brazil has earned the dismal distinction of being the developing country that has plunged most deeply into deficit. At the moment, it owes the astonishing total of more than $50 billion, mainly to international banks.

Even for Brazil, which has the free world's eighth largest economy (G.N.P.: $209 billion), the burden of carrying such debt is debilitating. Just paying the interest charges on it will cost $7.3 billion this year. Unable to generate such funds on its own, Brazil must borrow to stay afloat; this year it needs an additional $12 billion, but so far has managed to raise only $6.8 billion. Yet many of the big international banks are approaching their credit limits for the country.

The man in charge of managing the crisis is Planning Minister Antonio Delfim Netto, 52, the country's most powerful official, after President João Baptista de Figueiredo. A cherubic, Chicago-trained economist, Delfim held the post of Finance Minister during Brazil's prosperous early '70s. He is convinced that the country can solve its problems only by aggressive growth, especially in exports, agriculture and the creation of new energy sources. Thus he is pressing ahead with development projects like the $10 billion Itaipu Dam, the world's largest hydroelectric project. As Delfim explained to TIME Buenos Aires Bureau Chief George Russell: "We are a classic case of an underdeveloped country with an excess of government spending and with difficulty in expanding exports to cover the cost of imports."

Planning Minister Antonio Delfim Netto and the $10 billion Itaipu hydroelectric dam project

Since "God is a Brazilian," they expect miraculous rescues from some insoluble problems.

Like other oil-poor developing countries, Brazil is a victim of rising petroleum prices. Despite last year's impressive 35% rise in exports, to $9.2 billion, Brazil suffered an overall trade deficit of $2.7 billion. This year's higher petro prices are pushing its trade deficit more deeply into the red. The deficit is worse because the previous military regime flagrantly neglected the agricultural sector. The unhappy result: despite rich agricultural resources, Brazil last year had to spend $1.8 billion on food imports alone.

Delfim is fostering a revival of Brazilian agriculture through an incentive system that will grant credits and guarantee floor prices to farmers. On the petroleum front, President Figueiredo and Delfim are wooing Venezuela, Mexico and Iraq in hopes of securing assured supplies of oil.

Delfim's aim is to more than double Brazilian exports to $40 billion or so by 1984. With West German help, for example, he intends to turn Brazil into an exporter of such high-technology items as nuclear reactors. Unfortunately, most of Brazil's industry is so tightly controlled by an oppressive bureaucracy that it generally lacks the entrepreneurial spark to compete effectively in world markets.

Despite Brazil's perilous economic state, few international bankers expect that its funds will be cut off. Most banks are awash in deposits and looking for places to make safe investments. Says Vivian Morgan-Mendez, an economist at São Paulo's Banco de Boston: "What other country looks better as a long-run proposition?" The answer, of course, is that many do. But Brazil has achieved that most enviable role of a debtor: it is so far in hock to so many banks that its creditors cannot allow it to go broke. ■

Bad News Bonds

Washington's new sales pitch

For three generations, U.S. Savings Bonds have been favored gifts for babies, college grads and newlyweds. In recent years, however, that so-called share of America has been a bum investment. Government bonds are safe, but the maximum interest of 7% has often been only half of that earned on almost equally secure bank savings certificates.

Now the Gray Panthers, a senior citizens lobby, has forced Washington to admit that bonds are not a wise way to make money. Last year the group complained to the Federal Trade Commission that the Government was misleading investors, who did not realize that the real value of the money put in bonds was decreasing rather than increasing during a period of high inflation.

The FTC normally chases after false corporate advertising claims, such as Carter's Little Liver Pills' promised relief from liver ailments or Listerine's guarantee that it helps fight colds. But last week the FTC forced the U.S. Treasury Department to change the ads it uses to promote bonds. Previously it had emphasized the interest earned and claimed that bonds were a "good investment." The new ads will stress that through plans like payroll deductions, bonds can be a good method of forced regular saving.

The new honest advertising is unlikely to set off any stampede to buy bonds. Sales reached a patriotic peak during World War II, but in recent years the investing public has preferred to put its spare cash into stocks or socks. Last year only $144 million in bonds were sold, compared with $303 million in 1945. ■

Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For a taste too good to be 5.

Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.

TAREYTON LIGHTS

5 mg. tar 0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Christie Brinkley (top) and Beverly Johnson

Living

"Come with Me to Casablancas"

So says upstart Johnny, as Manhattan's model wars rage

In New York City, the nation's fashion capital, the $50 million-a-year modeling business has long been the arena for some of the fiercest and most feline competition in the U.S. Rarely has the competition been more savage than today, when top models can, and do, switch agencies almost as often as they change costumes, often at the drop of a harsh word or a seductive whisper.

The pulchritude wars began in earnest three years ago, when the longtime dominance of Ford Models, Inc., was challenged by an interloper from Paris. The parvenu, John Casablancas, had owned the biggest model agency in Paris and for years enjoyed an uneasy working relationship with "Godmother" Eileen Ford, trading *les girls* between continents as occasion and opportunity demanded. Then, in 1977, despite an unwritten agreement that he would not set up shop in the U.S., Casablancas descended on Manhattan. He promptly aggravated the assault by raiding some of Ford's most toothsome stars—10s or near 10s all—as well as some of her key operational executives.

Hell hath no fury like a woman broker scorned. Eileen sent Bibles to the defectors with passages about Judas marked in red. More significantly, Eileen, 58, and her partner-husband Jerry, 55, filed a $7.5 million suit against Casablancas' Elite Model Management Corp. and his four Parisian partners for "violation of fiduciary trust." The second largest agency in the U.S., Wilhelmina Models Inc., sued Casablancas for $4 million. While the suits have yet to come to trial—and quite possibly never will—the epithets and the raids and the counterraids have piled up with the intensity of Hawaiian breakers boiling in the background of a bathing-beauty cover shot.

Beverly Johnson was one of Elite's most sensational catches. The superstar model, who was the first black to adorn the cover of *Vogue*, is a typical warrior of the model wars. She started with Ford in 1971, switched to Wilhelmina in 1973, and returned to Ford in 1974 until she landed in Casablancas in 1977. Last month she made a stab at leaving Casablancas and returned to Ford, only to rebound to the Casablancas stable. The most telling deserter from Wilhelmina was Patti Hansen, who disports her form in Calvin Klein jeans and has just finished acting in Peter Bogdanovich's film *They All Laughed*. In all, some 20 Ford stars—led by sultry, pouty Janice Dickinson and Christie Brinkley, the Chanel No. 19 girl—and a dozen young "boppers" from other agencies also joined John. (Brinkley ended up back with Ford last month.) Considering that an agency makes commissions of 10% to 20% on a star model's $200,000-plus annual income, such defections are costly not only in prestige but also in cash.

Jerry and Eileen Ford run the top agency in a fierce and feline business

For battling brokers, red-marked Bibles and often unprintable epithets.

Casablancas has also suffered battlefield defeats, most notably the loss of Esmé Marshall, 19, fresh-faced cover girl who pioneered the bobbed look. Other stars who have exited Elite are Anna Andersen (Opium perfume) and Cover Girls Kim Alexis and Lisa Taylor. Among the few stellar models who have remained

faithful to one agency are Cheryl Tiegs, Lauren Hutton and Shelly (Charlie's girl) Hack, all longtime Ford belles.

Manhattan-born, European-educated Casablancas, 37, has lured the girls and revolutionized the business with a combination of personal charm, a fine eye for female sensuality, and marketing sagacity. Says he: "The girls were tired of the supermarket approach to modeling. They wanted more personalized service." Which he provides. He strokes their egos, breaks out champagne for newcomers and maintains a relaxed, easygoing manner that contrasts with Eileen Ford's housemotherly approach. Says blond Lisa Murrell, 24, a "bread-and-butter girl" who poses for many mail-order catalogues, and has twice quit and returned to Casablancas: "I feel comfortable and confident with John. He's got so much finesse. He may be full of bull, but he does it so well."

Casablancas also realized that the young Venuses who vend every imaginable product in print and on TV could command far higher rates than they were getting. The hourly charge for a top model has trebled (up to $300 an hour) in the past three years. Instead of setting fixed fees for a model's time, Casablancas started negotiating each booking with a canny perception of the client's particular needs and the girl's availability. The whole industry has had to follow suit, with the result that many models' incomes and clients' budgets have skyrocketed. Now, says one rival, "every booking is like deciding a most-favored-nation agreement." With annual billings (and cooings) expected to reach $9 million this year, Casablancas aims to top Wilhelmina in 1980 as No. 2 agency after Ford.

The come-with-me-to-Casablancas approach does not appeal to his competitors. "I confess to unpleasant feelings about John," the urbane Jerry Ford told TIME. "His methods are sleazy. I don't like him and I don't respect him." William Weinberg, who has headed Wilhelmina since the death last year of the former Ford model who founded the eponymous agency, disparages Casablancas with the observation: "The agencies were always competitive but never this low. The Fords always evidenced an ethic and created many of the good practices that benefited the models." Says Casablancas, who speaks in often unprintable terms about the vendetta: "What gets me is the permanent, ever present nastiness of Eileen Ford. She is Machiavellian and Byzantine. She is like a snake with seven heads: cut off six and she still has one left to bite you."

The Fords sprouted an extra head with the formation of a new agency called Fame. Its president is Jerry Masucci, 41, a onetime New York City policeman who made a fortune with the Fania record company. The Fords own one-third of Fame and handle the financial operations. Fame's first famous enlistee was Esmé. Echoing the Casablancas philosophy, Lawyer Richard Talmadge, another part owner of Fame (and the Fords' attorney), notes that a model is "more than a pretty face selling a product." Says he: "A model is negotiated for now like an actor in a film series. A model today has almost the same importance to an advertiser or manufacturer as an actor or actress would to a film producer. The models are the movie stars of advertising." Zoltan Rendessy, Hungarian-born owner of the fourth-ranking Zoli agency, sees Fame as another outpost from which the Fords can shoot Elite down: "The Fords will do anything to take models away from John."

There is little doubt that Eileen and Jerry Ford will maintain their sovereignty in the model wars. But Casablancas always has a fallback. He is married to his first model, Jeanette Christjansen, a former Miss Denmark, who at 32 can still match cheek and thigh with some of bodydom's finest. *—By Michael Demarest. Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York*

John Casablancas celebrates at a Manhattan disco with his new recruit, Patti Hansen

For vending Venuses, personalized service and most-favored-nation agreements.

Kim Alexis (top) and Esmé Marshall

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.
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Crown Royal
Blended Canadian Whisky
Seagram & Seagram Glass Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF 750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)
Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

Pre-emptive Purge in the Pac-10

Five teams are ruled ineligible for next season's Rose Bowl

New Year's Day without U.S.C. in the Rose Bowl? That is rather like Thanksgiving without turkey or Christmas without presents. Come next New Year's Day, however, the always formidable Trojans from the University of Southern California are certain to be missing from the big game in Pasadena—and one team or another from the Midwest's Big Ten Conference might get to win one for a change. In response to the worst college athletic scandal since the basketball point-shaving affair of the 1950s, the Pacific-10 Conference has declared half its football teams ineligible for the 1980 championship and all postseason play.

That in effect creates a Pac-5 for the coming season's bowl games.

The action came none too soon. When the conference turned up evidence last fall that eight football players from Arizona State University had received bogus credits and forged transcripts, it moved quickly, forcing Arizona State to forfeit five of its six wins for the 1979 season. By February the scandal had spread to four other conference campuses—University of Oregon, Oregon State University, University of California at Los Angeles (U.C.L.A.) and U.S.C.—but this time the conference dithered. Meeting in Bellevue, Wash., last spring, a council of Pac-10's athletic directors and faculty representatives managed to avoid any disciplinary action.

Last week, however, the conference finally took a more decisive step. The presidents and chancellors of the ten schools unanimously voted a year of football ineligibility for the five universities. They also ordered that all football games won by U.C.L.A. in 1977, Oregon State in 1977 and 1979, and Oregon in 1977, 1978 and 1979 be forfeited. U.S.C. can keep its Pac-10 football title for 1979 but loses its 1978 national track championship and is banned from participating in the conference and National Collegiate Athletic Association championships in the coming season. Oregon must recompute its scores in 1980 swimming meets, subtracting points won by ineligible swimmers.

Most known violations were for giving athletes credit for extension courses at small colleges that they never took. Rocky Mountain College of Billings, Mont., apparently well known as a refuge for struggling jocks, gave bogus academic credit to students from Arizona State, U.C.L.A. and several nonconference schools as well (among them: California State Polytechnic University at Pomona, Purdue University and San Jose State University). False credit was also offered for courses given in California by Ottawa University of Ottawa, Kans., Pacific Christian College of Fullerton, Calif., and California Lutheran College in Thousand Oaks. An Oregon linebacker got credit for a course in jogging from Lane Community College of Eugene, Ore., on grounds that the running he had done during football practice was enough course work.

At U.S.C., 34 athletes, including Heisman Trophy Winner Charles White and 28 other members of the football team, got credit for—but did not attend—three courses in speech. Though the news did not break until February, the university learned about it in December and put together a crash course over the Christmas holidays, just before the Rose Bowl game. Then most of the athletes were forced to take a second crash course because of "irregularities" in the first one. When the student-run *Daily Trojan* printed the story, the debate coach who taught the speech courses and the athletic department academic coordinator both resigned. A U.S.C. official said last winter that he had "some evidence" that several academic departments may have given false credit to athletes, though no other abuses have since been reported.

Most Pac-10 spokesmen have taken the position that the penalties are suitably draconian. Glenn Terrell, president of Washington State University, called them "severe and jolting." Said Joe Avezzano, new head football coach at Oregon State: "I'm not sure we weren't on a runaway car ready to self-destruct." John Schwada, Arizona State's president, called the penalties "nearly unprecedented."

In fact, the Pac-10 action was mild. Thanks to a technicality of enrollment and a wink of the eye by the conference, U.S.C. gets to keep last season's Rose Bowl win and will be eligible for this year's national championship balloting—unlike Oklahoma and Kentucky, which were put on probation by the N.C.A.A. in the past for recruiting offenses and pointedly kept out of one of the two polls. The five guilty Pac-10 teams can still be shown on ABC's weekly college football telecasts. For U.S.C., a team that television executives love, this means the maximum five national TV appearances over the next two years at $300,000 a game. Since Rose Bowl income is divided evenly among the ten schools no matter which team plays the game, no school stands to lose a dime because of the penalties. Said U.S.C. Athletic Director Richard Perry: "We don't promise kids they'll go to the Rose Bowl when we recruit, so we haven't betrayed anyone. It's just a one-year shot, more of a personal wound."

In part, the Pac-10 action may have been a pre-emptive strike, intended to head off harsher penalties by the N.C.A.A. Officials there, who have been investigating phony transcripts and fake credits since last November, had no comment on last week's move, but few observers think they are eager to take on the big schools. Said one TV executive who follows the college scene: "If Montana breaks the rules, they send 50 investigators. If it's U.S.C., they send a polite letter and say, 'Please answer these questions by mail.' You can count on the N.C.A.A. to do nothing." Still, hardly a week goes by without a new and juicy tidbit. Last week the Chicago *Tribune* published charges that All-Pro Running Back Chuck Muncie of the New Orleans Saints never attended classes while at the University of California at Berkeley. If so, come September the new Pac-5 could conceivably become the Pac-4. —*By John Leo.*
Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles

Ed Bradley interviews Jesse Jackson on the floor, and Curtis Wilkie works on his next day's story in the gallery above

Press

A Tale of Two Conventions

How a newspaperman and a TV reporter covered the Democrats

He moved unobtrusively in the choked aisles on the floor of the Democratic Convention, greeting state party leaders by their first names, bantering easily with old friends, picking up nuggets of political information along the way. Having covered countless primaries in three campaigns, Curtis Wilkie of the Boston *Globe* seemed to have sources in every cranny of Madison Square Garden. After an hour he slipped quietly off the floor to write an authoritative story about how President Carter's operatives were pressuring wavering delegates. It was old-style political reporting at its best.

Ed Bradley of CBS was also canvassing delegations, but there was nothing unobtrusive about it. More famous than all but a handful of the Democrats on the floor, Bradley was slowed by autograph seekers and fans asking him to pose for photographs. Like Wilkie, he had to develop solid sources to stay on top of convention developments. He also needed interview subjects who would go on camera with timely information. It was new-style political reporting at its most trying.

Reporters like Wilkie and Bradley are part of an elite corps of journalists, drawn mostly from large newspapers, newsmagazines and the networks, who dominate coverage of such major national events as the conventions. The clout of their employers gives them access unheard of among most regional newspapers and television stations—and hence an influence that far transcends their numbers.

Though both work for major news organizations, Wilkie and Bradley were, in a sense, covering two different conventions. Wilkie's was the time-honored affair of party bosses in smoke-filled rooms, cutting behind-the-scenes deals. Bradley's was the modern, made-for-television extravaganza of briefly glimpsed public events and quickly forgotten stand-up interviews. Neither the *Globe* nor CBS gave —or claimed to give—a complete picture. The newspaper preferred analysis and backstage maneuvering to the podium play-by-play. As for TV's supposedly all-seeing eye, it focused on the exuberant demonstrations after Senator Kennedy's rousing Tuesday speech; actually a large portion—perhaps most—of the delegates were not involved in the display at all.

With press representatives outnumbering delegates by more than 3 to 1 (11,500 press credentials were issued for the event), it was sometimes difficult to figure out who was convening. President Carter's renomination was a fairly humdrum story, yet the networks deployed 2,000 staffers and spent $30 million in pursuit of respectable ratings. By comparison, the Democratic National Committee was given only $4 million to conduct the entire four-day affair.

Wilkie, 39, is an affable Mississippian with an accent that sounds like marbles rolling around in a pail of Delta mud. A drooping mustache and gray-streaked hair that tumbles over his collar contribute to an aspect somewhere between a Confederate cavalry officer and Catfish Hunter. He began his career with the Clarksdale (Miss.) *Press Register* (circ. 7,325), got his first taste of national politics—and a highly flattering portrayal in *The Boys on the Bus*, Timothy Crouse's book about the 1972 campaign—at the Wilmington (Del.) *News Journal* (circ. 133,000) and hired on at the *Globe* (490,000) in 1975. After chronicling Jimmy Carter's 1976 campaign, Wilkie became the paper's White House correspondent.

One of eight *Globe* writers in New York last week, Wilkie was again assigned to the Carter beat. From the start his main interest was whether Kennedy would appear on the podium with the renominated President. He even wagered a dinner with Richard Moe, chief of staff for Vice President Mondale, that Kennedy would forgo this traditional expression of unity. "I'm sure he's not going to do it," said Wilkie the day the convention got under way. "But not sure enough to write it."

Every morning, Wilkie arrived at Carter convention headquarters in midtown Manhattan in search of political dope. Cabinet officers were practically begging to be interviewed, but Wilkie and most experienced Washington hands studiously ignored them, figuring they knew less than the press did. Many reporters dutifully attended formal briefings on the platform planks, but with little enthusiasm. After a session with Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's chief domestic adviser, one reporter was left behind snoozing in his chair.

With real news in short supply, newsmen interviewed each other. One morning Wilkie found himself surrounded by eight reporters, including representatives of the New York *Times*, Washington *Post* and Los Angeles *Times*, all picking his brain about the platform compromises the night before. On another occasion a TV crew spotted him briefing colleagues and thought he was a Carter aide. "No lights! No pictures!" shouted the mortified Wilkie as the cameramen descended.

After lunch he would mosey over to

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the Carter trailers inside Madison Square Garden. Comments from presidential aides were often cryptic, but Wilkie usually managed to get a sense of how Carter's men were faring against their foe from Massachusetts. By 9 p.m. or so, he would file for the *Globe's* first edition, then do some additional reporting and update his stories if necessary. After that it was off to a saloon on 33rd Street for some Jack Daniel's on the rocks.

On the evening of Carter's renomination, Wilkie produced a carefully crafted 1,000-word analysis of the cultural and political gulf between Carter and Kennedy. He finished that at 7 p.m., cracked open a beer and ten minutes later started writing background material for the lead story. Except for a brief sortie to the hall, Wilkie remained at the typewriter for the next seven hours, revising his stories for the paper's three morning and two afternoon editions. All told he turned out more than 3,000 words, the equivalent of a full-length magazine article.

Shortly after 11 the next morning, *Globe* Reporter Thomas Oliphant phoned in the news that Kennedy would indeed appear on the podium. Wilkie wrote a new lead for the afternoon edition, then left a message for Dick Moe. It read: "How 'bout Dominique's [a French restaurant near the White House]?" Like any seasoned political reporter, Wilkie was philosophic about his batting average. "We're like Mark Belanger [the Baltimore Orioles' sure-handed shortstop]," he said. "Good field, no hit."

For Ed Bradley, also 39, the convention was especially traumatic and exhausting. His mother suffered a stroke the week before, and for a time he wondered whether he should bow out. "On Sunday night I couldn't even write a 30-second spot," he said. "But I thought to myself, if she sees me up there, she is going to get a charge out of it." CBS provided a limousine so he could visit his mother each day in Philadelphia, 90 miles away.

Bradley began his broadcast career as a radio disc jockey and became a full-time correspondent for CBS in 1973. He covered the fall of Cambodia and Viet Nam in 1975 and was named White House correspondent in 1976. Two years later he joined *CBS Reports*, where two of his stories won Emmys. Next year he will begin as a correspondent on the top-rated *60 Minutes*.

Bradley arrived as early as 3 p.m. in the CBS "ready room" to have his face made up. His special equipment: a battery pack around the waist, a headset and a pair of steel-toed combat boots. "After being stepped on once too often during the Republican Convention, I decided I'd wear these to this one." Every day he had several story ideas ready before the live broadcast began. Once one of them was aired he would begin improvising. "Everything," he said, "is happening right now." He added with a grin: "If there's no drama, I'll turn to human interest—like the 26-year-old woman who has five kids and never had time for a honeymoon so she opted to come to the convention as her honeymoon."

Bradley had mixed results as a matchmaker. Tuesday night a Kennedy supporter who had worked two years for Carter refused to be interviewed. "That was the biggest disappointment for me tonight," Bradley said. "He wasn't a name, but he is the kind of person Carter needs if this whole thing is going to come together." Another time, Bradley arranged a potentially combustible joint interview with two feuding delegates from Maryland; on camera they were all sweetness.

Being a television floor correspondent is physically taxing. Bradley and many of his colleagues thought of this somewhat resentfully as they wilted in the steamy crush of delegates. Late one evening, he gazed into the bleachers and spotted a magazine reporter asleep in her seat. That, he mused, was an odd way to "get a feeling for what's going on down here." Moments later, he revived himself with a reporter's usual tonic—a good story. He gave this account of a close Pennsylvania vote: "What happened was the leadership decided that it needed to change four votes to make the President look a little better. So they just changed them."

For all their long hours, Wilkie and Bradley fared much better than less celebrated colleagues. While the littleshots settled for free beer and sandwiches at a press lounge funded by the railroad industry lobby, the *Globe* contingent was enjoying a final $300 expense account lunch at Luchow's (chosen because it was a favorite hangout of Convention Chronicler H.L. Mencken).

The caste system was most evident in access to news sources. While reporters from small news organizations were watching the action on television sets in the railroad lounge, White House "regulars" were able to get private telephone numbers and appointments. One day at the Carter press center, aides quietly told the regulars that Jody Powell was about to have a briefing in the back room. About 50 people drifted in—but at least that many sat in the front room completely oblivious. Said Wilkie: "It's not the individual, it's the institution that counts—the newspaper or TV network you're with. There are some terrific reporters from small papers, but if they want to cover this thing, they can't get the access they need because nobody's heard of them."

In the end, though, the news is often so predictable or so trivial that the smaller news organizations are not terribly aggrieved. Says Don Hewitt, a floor producer for CBS: "Ninety percent of it is hot air, and 10% is news." If that. Perhaps the most valiant effort to make it all sound absorbing was made by CBS Correspondent Harry Reasoner, who observed at the end of a particularly dreary night: "After a while, the fact that you have no surprises gets rather dramatic."

Cronkite receives his 1952 convention microphone from CBS News President William Leonard

Much of the week's news was preordained, only fleetingly important or just plain hot air

At convention's close, several hundred delegates and hangers-on gathered below the CBS booth chanting "Walter! Walter! Walter!" It was Cronkite's last stint as a convention anchor, and the crowd was giving him a rousing salute. At a CBS party a few hours later, colleagues presented him with a 1952-vintage microphone that plays a tape of Walter broadcasting his first convention, the Democrats' get-together that year in Chicago. But Cronkite seemed in no hurry to go: he said he would be back in some capacity in 1984. After all, even if many conventions offer only pseudo news, there is something about them that sets a reporter's blood stirring. Said Wilkie: "I'm jaded about going to the White House and seeing the President. I think those press conferences stink. But I really get up for these things."

—By Stephen Smith.
Reported by Mary Cronin and Elizabeth Rudulph/New York

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

TV's $30 Million Question

Democracy fares very poorly in the ratings this year. Obviously the public is trying to tell politicians and networks something—about conventions as well as about the choice of candidates. If a political convention were a sitcom, it would be canceled by now. If it were a mini-series, as in some respects it is, any producer would be devising more ways to skip the boring parts and speed it up. Conventions, however, are the work of four different and uncoordinated producers—the party chairman and the three networks—all vying for an audience that gets smaller and smaller. Almost as many viewers in the New York City area watched an old Marilyn Monroe movie as saw Mo Udall's keynote address.

The party itself has little to say about how much of its programming gets broadcast. The Democrats video-taped the Republicans in Detroit, in a futile effort to learn what makes broadcasters so often turn their cameras away from the podium. Networks generally acknowledge a duty to broadcast at least the keynote, the nominations, the roll calls and the acceptance—but, while carrying the words, feel free to eye gabbling or dozing delegates. So, to get the anchorman's attention, politicians—including last week the Secretaries of State and Defense, as well as Rosalynn and Lillian Carter—found themselves climbing up to those glassy network booths. So much for those who think the podium is where the convention takes place. Arriving at Walter Cronkite's aerie, Vice President Walter Mondale was welcomed on the air and asked to wait a moment while CBS—following its higher priorities—rolled some commercials. After a jovial exchange of banalities, the visitor usually has a self-serving point to make. This can be risky, as Gerald Ford learned in Detroit, where his appearance irritated a watching Reagan. But it was Cronkite, not Ford, who in the words of the *New Republic's* John Osborne, had "gratuitously and disastrously" characterized Ford's terms as "something like a co-presidency." Such verbal overkill is uncharacteristic of Cronkite, an anchorman as gifted as any at noting profoundly that we now have "an interesting situation."

Ted Kennedy, withdrawing his name the first night, took away some of the suspense broadcasters had counted upon. So a wild skittering of network crickets ensued on the convention floor, as TV reporters with spaceman headsets whomped up the next suspenseful question: But will Kennedy stand beside Carter on the final night? Stay tuned! Flashy whip-arounds by floor reporters ("Come in, Dan") give the appearance of aggressive enterprise, but Bob Schieffer of CBS discovered that those Carter White House people so casually encountered and interviewed had been primed with "talking points" so their stories would agree.

The $30 million question for networks is whether they would again be willing to spend so much for so little. Even convention junkies have their doubts. Previously, convention coverage meant a great deal in the commercial competition between networks. If it still does, NBC this time had an edge over the long dominant CBS. ABC, the flashy one, sent in the director of its *Monday Night Football* to liven its coverage. But under convention pressure, when the experience, preparedness, savvy and alertness of Cronkite, Chancellor and Brinkley are so evident, ABC's team of Frank Reynolds and Ted Koppel simply lacked authority.

And next time? Richard Salant, who presided over CBS News' best years, and is now vice chairman for news at NBC, has been a purist about gavel-to-gavel coverage. But, he says, if presidential nominations continue to be determined months ahead in the primaries, "conventions will be no more newsworthy than the Electoral College." In that case, networks should go into convention coverage only when something is really happening. But to interrupt regular programming like *Dallas*, he says, "you'd be driving the viewer crazy, confusing him on the story line." Salant has thought of renting a theater during convention week to put on an Ed Sullivan kind of show, so that the acts would be easy to break in on. But is that much different from ABC's practice, deplored by Salant, of deserting its convention coverage to put on those irrelevant *20/20* specials?

Television—this intrusive, indispensable medium that makes or breaks political reputations, and creates its own network stars with reputations to nourish or sustain—is now itself dissatisfied. It dominates every stage of the way we now choose our political leaders, but finds itself on the side of the many who think that the process must change.

Milestones

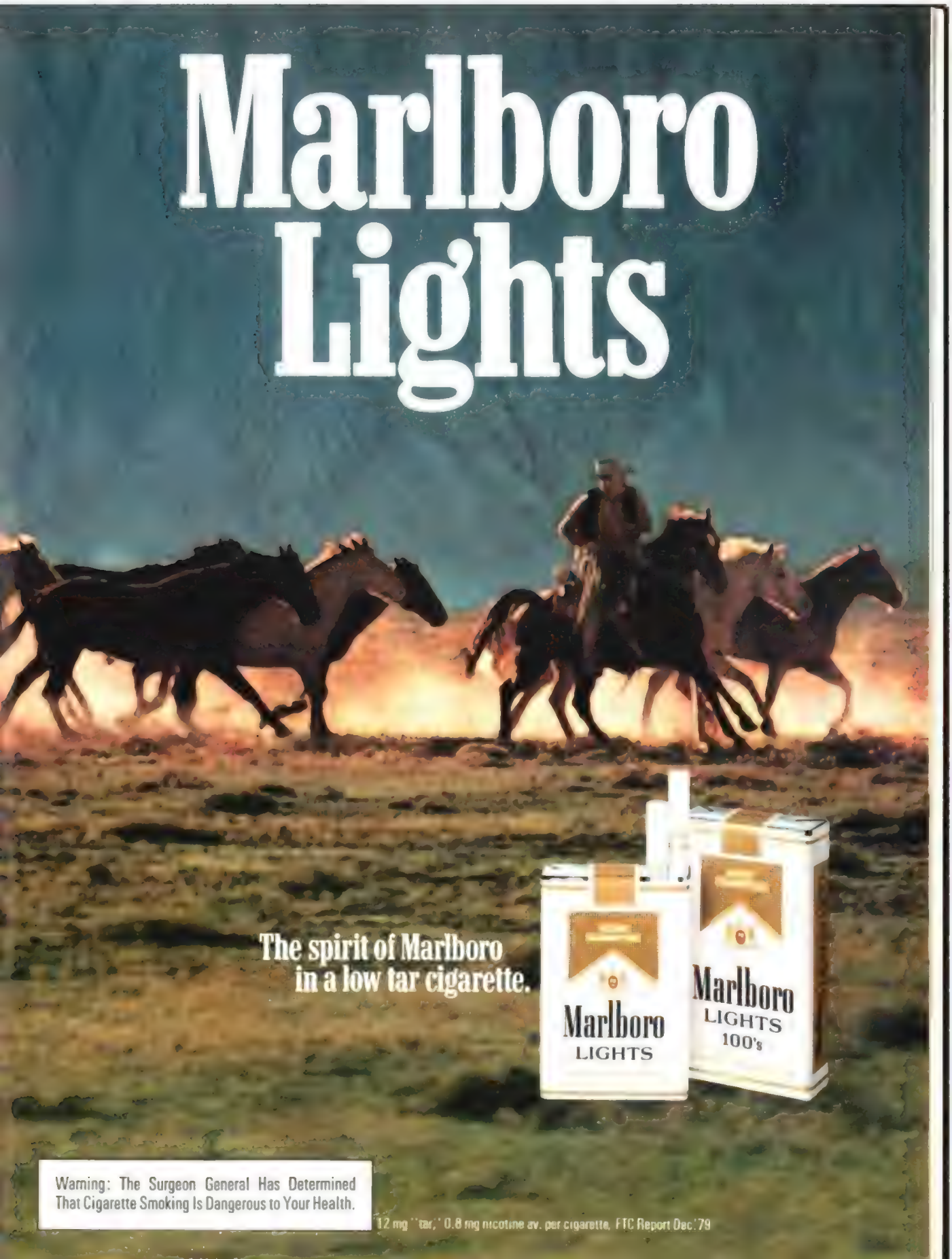
BORN. To **Susan Ford Vance,** 23, only daughter of ex-President and Mrs. Gerald Ford, and **Charles Vance,** 39, formerly a Secret Service agent assigned to the Fords, now part owner of a private security firm; a daughter, their first child and the Fords' second granddaughter; in Washington, D.C. Name: Tyne Mary. Weight: 6 lb. 3 oz.

BORN. To **Erich Segal,** 43, classics scholar and bestselling author (*Love Story, Oliver's Story*), whose latest novel is *Man, Woman and Child*, and **Karen James Segal,** 34, an English editor of children's books; a daughter; in London. Name: Francesca. Weight: 6 lb. 14½ oz.

SEPARATED. Caroline Grimaldi Junot, 23, princess of Monaco; and **Philippe Junot,** 40, self-described real estate entrepreneur; after two years of marriage, no children; in Monaco, where a palace spokesman made the announcement after Junot had been seen vacationing in Turkey with a comely companion he described as his secretary. Said Junot: "Everything is finished between Caroline and me. We are both free to do as we want."

DIED. Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, 63, former Pakistani military strongman who presided over the 1971 breakup of Pakistan and the country's humiliating defeat in war by India; of an internal hemorrhage; in Rawalpindi, Pakistan. Yahya seized power in 1969, while commander in chief of the armed forces, promising a quick return to democratic rule. But when East Pakistan's Sheik Mujibur Rahman won the 1970 national election and demanded broad autonomy for the long neglected eastern wing of the country, Yahya refused to yield power; Sheik Mujibur was arrested and civil war broke out. Yahya's troops began a wave of massacres and atrocities against civilians in the occupied East that sent 8 million refugees fleeing to India. Eventually, India intervened on the side of East Pakistan, which emerged victorious as the independent state of Bangladesh; Yahya's discredited regime collapsed, and he spent the next six years under house arrest.

DIED. Paul Robert, 69, France's Noah Webster, compiler of the famous seven-volume *Dictionnaire Alphabétique et Analogique de la Langue Française*, known familiarly as the *Grand Robert*, and its one-volume condensation, the *Petit Robert;* after a long illness; in Mougins, France. While still a law student, he realized the inadequacy of existing French dictionaries, especially in cross references to synonyms and analogues; in 1945 he gave up the law for lexicography. Official recognition from the Académie Française for his early work encouraged him to proceed from *A* to *zymotique*, and, with occasional detours into books on other subjects, the final volume of the *Grand Robert* was published in 1964.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People

Mayor Ed Koch with House Speaker Tip O'Neill at O'Neal's Baloon where aye, the pipes do play

Ali back at the Garden

No one noticed that the sculpted ice donkey had melted into something more like a beagle. For the bagpipes played and the booze flowed like the Boyne, and when a group named the Irish Bogtrotters crooned *Danny Boy* there was hardly a dry eye in the house. The O'casion? **Tip O'Neill's** party at O'Neal's Baloon, a restaurant near Lincoln Center. "I've been to every Democratic party in town and they all end up in bars like Rosie O'Grady's and O'Neal's," said the jubilant Speaker of the House while jigging through the crowd. "These are all my friends. I know everyone here." And, indeed, there was Lannigan, Flanigan, Hilligan, Milligan, Duffy and New York Mayor **Ed Koch.** Well, all Dem-O'crats anyway.

■

Who is to say which was more tempestuous: the thunder, lightning and driving rain outside, or the music, the Technicolor light show and the frenzied stomping at Regine's? Some 1,100 people crammed into the Park Avenue nightspot for a Carter-Mondale party for black delegates on the convention's opening night. The revelers managed to down 40 cases of white wine and dance until 4 a.m. to the blaring beat of Kool and the Gang. Along about 1 a.m., in trooped **Teddy,** 22, **Eleanor,** 19, and **William Mondale,** 18, who proved they could dance up a storm of their own. Mingling freely with the spirited crowd, the vice-presidential progeny also proved that, as one Regine staff member observed, they can make things "a bit difficult for the Secret Service."

■

Betty Friedan, feminist author, after the women's platform victory at the Democratic Convention: "We took on the Establishment, and we made them say 'aunt.' "

■

Knock-down, drag-out affairs in Madison Square Garden are nothing new to one Carter supporter and unofficial Kentucky delegate. So while the convention droned on, former Heavyweight Champion **Muhammad Ali** was working the floor—signing autographs and pressing flesh. "I don't know nothing about politics," said the Greatest, with uncharacteristic modesty. He did, however, sport an ERA YES button, as well as a natty new mustache. Asked if he were sparring for a career in office, Ali replied: "The only thing I'd ever run for is President."

■

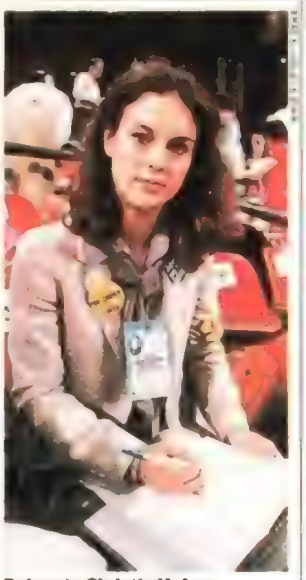
A gentleman who stooped to kiss the hand of **Phyllis George Brown** got a swift kick from behind and a lesson in Georgian etiquette. "You shouldn't kiss a married lady. She's married to the Governor of Kentucky," scolded **Miss Lillian Carter.** Thereafter, the President's mother stood close by fair Phyllis at a party hosted by the Browns aboard Publisher Malcolm Forbes' yacht. "I felt like *my* mother was there," giggled Phyllis. Among the weighty matters the two discussed were food and dieting. "We're shrimping it," said Phyllis, as she daintily split a plate of six prawns with Jimmy Carter's mother. There was no such forbearance when she remembered Lillian's 82nd birthday a few days later. Phyllis delivered a picture of Baby Lincoln George-Tyler Brown, born in June; a Steuben glass apple; and some of those irresistible chocolate-covered Kentucky bourbon balls.

■

Fritz Mondale, asked what changes he would like to see in the office of the Vice President: "I'd like a bathroom. Brzezinski has one."

Eleanor Mondale at Regine's

Dieters Phyllis and Miss Lillian shrimping it with Governor John Y. Brown



Delegate Christie Hefner

Her father may like to dress his women in brief bunny suits with cute cottontails, but that does not make **Christie Hefner,** 27, a hare less rabid on the subject of women's rights. Hefner, a vice president of dad's Playboy Enterprises, says she came to the convention from Chicago as an alternate Carter delegate "to lobby for the minority platform on abortion and try to make a difference on women's issues." That is exactly what she did, dawn to dusk and gavel to gavel, while many another delegate was hopping around town. "People who don't know me thought I was here to play," she said, "but I came out of a sense of commitment." Only when it was over did Christie finally cut loose—at Xenon with Presidential Pollster **Patrick Caddell,** who was squiring his feminist friend. Said she: "We're just good friends." Said he: "We're political allies."

■

William Styron, novelist, on political conventions: "I don't like all those people in funny hats, and I don't like the cocktail parties, and I don't like people from places I never heard of. Like South Dakota."

■

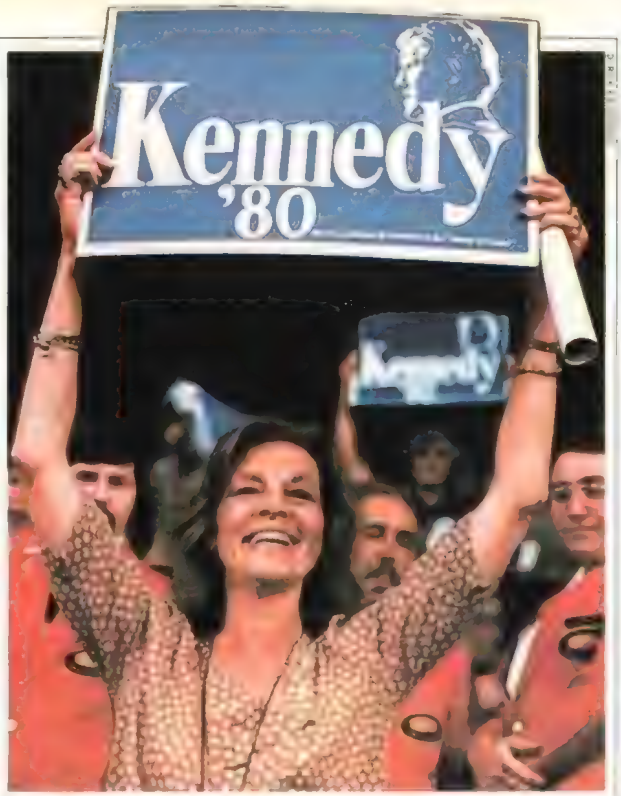
When **Ted Kennedy** wanted a hot warmup act for his appearance at a pre-convention fund raiser, he whistled for **Lauren Bacall.** He got fireworks. As host of "Broadway for Kennedy" at the Shubert Theater, Bacall sauntered onstage to cheers and let loose some sizzlers: "They tell us that the convention is all sewed up, but these are the same people who told us that **Gerald Ford** would be **Ronald Reagan's** Vice President and that Chrysler stock is a good buy. As far as I'm concerned, the only thing that should be sewed up is Brother Billy's mouth." That was just for starters. "Now, I'm a member of the acting profession," Bacall continued, "and if Ronald Reagan is no better at being President than he was at acting . . . Well, as a producer I know says, 'No, no! **Jimmy Stewart** for President. Ronald Reagan for Vice President!' " Kennedy then stepped out and admonished his fervid supporter: "Betty, I just wish you wouldn't be so mealymouthed about coming out and saying what you think."

■

Edmund G. Brown, former California Governor, on the political future of his son: "We're not concerned about Jerry. He'll be younger than Ronald Reagan is today in the year 2004."

■

Walter and Barbara and Dan and John were all televisibly on the scene. But where, wondered fans of NBC's *Saturday Night Live,* was that mistress of digression, **Rosanne Rosanna-Dana**? "Rosanne won't be covering the convention this year, perhaps in '84," said **Gilda Radner** at a fund raiser for Manhattan Democratic Congressional Candidate **Mark Green.** As soon as she popped out of the elevator atop the Empire State Building, she was set upon by a swarm of would-be Woodsteins under age 14 reporting for *Children's Express.*



Lauren Bacall pulling out the stops for her favorite candidate

Well, as Rosanne might have known, it's always something.

■

"I left New York feeling very sad," says Actress **Shelley Winters,** who came to Madison Square Garden as a guest of the California delegation. "After the vote on whether to open the convention, I felt that it was a script I had read before. The whole thing seemed scenarioed and choreographed." The disappointed Kennedy fan said she voted for Carter in 1976, but may not do it again. "This may be the first time since I was 21 that I won't vote," she lamented. What about fellow Hollywood Veteran **Ronald Reagan**? Said Shelley: "I met him during a screen test in 1945, and I seem to remember seeing a couple of gray hairs in his sideburns. He seemed old back then, but now his hair has gotten blacker, and he's gotten younger."

—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Melissa Ludtke Lincoln/New York

Gilda Rosanna-Dana Radner meets the press

Winters before the letdown

Going to Bat for a Marriage

Article did not play fair, say the Dodgers' golden couple

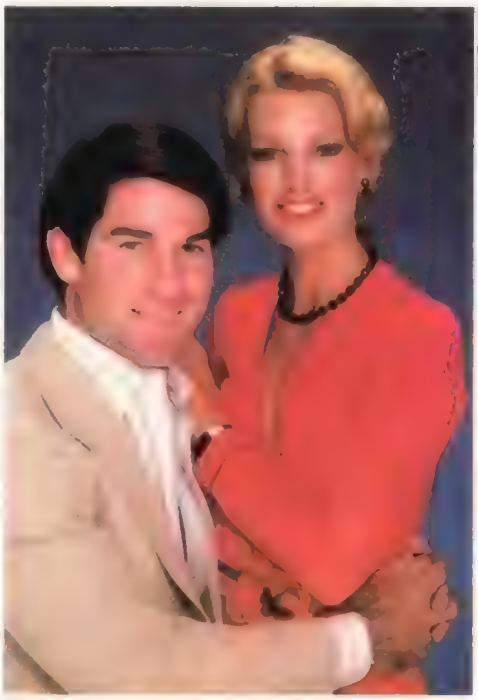
It was a marriage made in heaven, or at least in the misty regions high over Dodger Stadium and the Hollywood TV studios. Husband Steve Garvey, 31, was the All-Star first baseman for the Los Angeles Dodgers, a player noted for his clean-living dedication to baseball and his zealous devotion to good causes. Wife Cyndy, 30, was the sleek co-host of the highly rated *AM Los Angeles* TV show. They were handsome, glamorous and happy, or so the publicity about them relentlessly reiterated; more jaundiced accounts described them as "the Ken and Barbie dolls of baseball."

Then Newsweek, Inc.'s fledgling monthly *Inside Sports* came out with a profile suggesting that the stresses of the couple's separate careers have produced an uneasy, sexually troubled marriage, confusing to Garvey and frustrating to his wife. The Garveys responded with an $11.2 million suit charging libel and invasion of privacy. By last week, as they took further steps to try to prevent the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* from reprinting the article, the former golden couple found themselves embroiled in a raucous legal wrangle that touched on some fundamental constitutional issues.

Steve Garvey on the job at Dodger Stadium

The *Inside Sports* article, titled "Trouble in Paradise," was written by Freelancer Pat Jordan, a former pitcher in the Milwaukee Braves' farm system, who described his baseball experiences in the 1975 book *A False Spring*. He characterizes Cyndy Garvey in the article as restive at having to subordinate herself to her husband's stardom and to endure the loneliness of his lengthy road trips. "You can't even make love to your husband when you want to," she is quoted as saying. "You've got to wait for an off day." She speaks almost longingly of having an affair. Although she finds Steve self-controlled to an irritating degree ("He can't be mussed"), she describes him as "still growing up" emotionally. She recalls refusing to watch TV coverage of his World Series play while she was in the hospital bearing their first child: "Hell, he didn't come to watch me." As for Garvey, Jordan writes that he has loved Cyndy "in the same way for ten years, and now that that is no longer enough for her, he is confused."

In their suit the Garveys charge Jordan with breaking an oral agreement to write a "favorable" account of the "special challenges" of their marriage. Instead, they say, his article contains innuendoes, "falsehoods, inventions, gaps and opinions masquerading as facts." Garvey, making an unscheduled appearance on his wife's show, described the profile as "just another opportunity for somebody to take a shot at people who stand up for what we believe in, and that's a strong family, belief in our religion, belief in doing everything we can for people, and I'm tired of it."



Striking a happy pose with his wife Cyndy, a TV host

To some, "The Ken and Barbie dolls of baseball."

The Garveys let their lawyers do the rest of the talking. Their immediate task was to block the *Herald Examiner* from reprinting the article as a series. As Attorney Alan Rothenberg put it: "They aren't exposing Watergate. They are simply going to reprint someone else's gossip and trash, and at great harm to the Garveys." Rothenberg said that since the appearance of the article on July 28, the Garveys' house has been pelted with eggs and Cyndy has been accosted during a trip to a local ice cream store and has received obscene mail.

The first judge to hear the dispute, Federal District Judge Robert Kelleher, ordered the *Herald Examiner* not to publish a word until he could read transcripts of the tape-recorded interviews between the Garveys and Writer Jordan. He said that if he found that the documents backed up the couple's charges of falsity and thus bolstered their chances of winning the libel suit, he would extend the ban on republication. Attorneys for the newspaper and for Newsweek, Inc. protested that the judge's order amounted to prior restraint. Turning to the Court of Appeals, they cited half a century of precedent providing that the remedy for libel is to sue for damages afterward, not to prevent publication. The court agreed and threw out Kelleher's order, clearing the way for the *Herald Examiner* to run its series this week. (The Garveys' libel and privacy suit might take two years to come to trial.)

The *Herald Examiner's* victory came too late to beat the competition. On the morning that the court's decision was announced, the Los Angeles *Times* appeared with substantial excerpts from the article, including several of the most intimate quotes from Cyndy. If it was any consolation, the *Times* had earlier supported its rival with an editorial that blasted Judge Kelleher for holding "the Constitution in contempt."

Meanwhile, at his home in Connecticut, Jordan professed bewilderment at the commotion. In fact, soon after the interviews, but before his article appeared, he received a friendly letter from Cyndy, a copy of which was obtained by TIME in Los Angeles. "I feel I may have been off guard, but I also feel nothing said was harmful or flippantly said," Cyndy wrote. "I must tell you Pat—you helped Steve see my need for better communication —hopefully that will lead us toward a path of constructive sharing." ■

Briefs

BEYOND SUFFERING

Penny Ann Hollaway, 8, has the mental capacity of a three-month-old. She suffered brain damage when her oxygen supply was cut off during birth at Scripps Memorial Hospital in San Diego County. Two months ago, a jury awarded the girl $1.5 million to cover expenses and compensate her for pain and suffering. But Superior Court Judge Raul Rosado reasoned that Penny "has no ability to experience humiliation or anxiety. Money has no meaning for her." Pointing to testimony that Penny might survive only ten more years, and estimating that for $1,600 a month she could live in a nursing home instead of her parents' mobile home, Rosado drastically reduced the award to $2,000 a month for life plus a $100,000 contingency fund. Each year the monthly payments will increase by $250. An appeal has been filed by Penny's lawyer, Sheldon Deutsch, who cites a report from a registered nurse stating that caring for Penny at home will cost $77,000 a year. As for Rosado's rationale, Deutsch says it is "like saying, 'If I hurt you badly enough, I won't have to pay as much because you won't know how badly you're hurt.' "

RAPE REDRESS

Being raped was outrage enough. To make matters worse, the assailant ended up spending only five months in prison. Yet the victim, a 15-year-old from Kearney, Neb., found a way to impose the punishment she felt her attacker deserved: she sued him and won a $22,500 settlement. Such civil suits were virtually unheard of until recently, but last year about 15 were filed. They force a victim to relive her agony and often make no sense financially, because most rapists are too poor to pay any damages. Nevertheless, many women find the suits therapeutic in overcoming the feelings of powerlessness brought on by the attack. In addition, juries nowadays seem less prone to suspect that the women gave their assailants some sort of "come on." One successful litigant in 1978 was a topless dancer.

SCREEN TESTS

"You don't have any idea what it's like to sit across the desk from a woman in tears, whose life has been destroyed, and ask her boiler-plate questions like her Social Security number." So says Don Hancock, 33, an Austin lawyer who handles divorces. His solution: three 30-min. video tapes in which Partner Eric Galton, 28, answers divorce questions posed by an actor portraying a client. The tapes not only cut down on emotional wear and tear but reduce damage to a client's pocketbook. Since Hancock needs to devote less time to the case, the average uncontested divorce costs $250, instead of $350. Critics fear a loss of the human touch, but with their clients' encouragement, the partners have begun planning sequels on real estate and probate. ■

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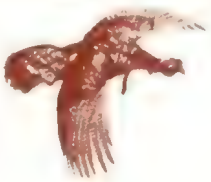

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Pediatrician Tomisaku Kawasaki examining young patient at Tokyo medical center

Puzzling Peril for the Young

A mystery malady of many symptoms is spreading steadily

Jeffrey Brown, 11, came home from a Cub Scout meeting in Dedham, Mass., one day last spring feeling sick. He had vomited, and by next morning was lethargic and complaining that his neck hurt. Jeffrey seemed to be coming down with a sore throat, but soon his temperature reached 106° F (41° C). A lymph gland in his neck swelled to golf-ball size, his lips and tongue turned strawberry, and scarlet blotches appeared on his chest and back. Jeffrey's illness: a perplexing and long unrecognized childhood malady called Kawasaki disease.

In 1961 a Tokyo pediatrician named Tomisaku Kawasaki, now 55, was struck by something unusual. Several of his patients at the Japan Red Cross medical center had the symptoms of scarlet fever, yet did not respond to penicillin. In the next years Kawasaki spotted similar cases. By 1967 he was convinced that he was seeing a new illness, one that mostly struck children under five, and could only be diagnosed by a combination of distinct symptoms. Among them: high fever persisting for five or more days, congested blood vessels in the eye, skin rashes, enlarged lymph nodes in the neck, peeling of the skin from fingers and toes.

Since Kawasaki first described the disease, more than 20,000 cases have been diagnosed in Japan alone. It has also been observed in other countries, though with a much lower incidence. In the U.S., the first cases were detected during the mid-'70s; so far only about 650 cases have been reported to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. But C.D.C. Epidemiologist David Bell points out that many doctors may still be unfamiliar with the disease. Its symptoms can be confused not only with those of scarlet fever but also with those of juvenile rheumatoid arthritis and other ailments. While the illness is still considered rare, Bell says: "There's no question that 650 cases is an undercount."

The origin of the disease remains unknown. Since brothers and sisters of the victims almost never become ill, the ailment does not appear to be contagious. Says Kawasaki: "It could be a virus or some other microorganism. Because of the preponderance of cases among Japanese, it may have some ethnic and hereditary cause triggered by some new factor in the environment."

The disease has no known cure. Aspirin is the standard treatment, because it lowers fever, reduces inflammation and helps keep the blood from clotting. Most afflicted children eventually recover fully, as Jeffrey did, but up to one-third develop problems—especially aneurysms in the coronary arteries, weak patches in the walls of the arteries supplying blood to the heart. Complications from the condition, which may include abnormalities in the heart rhythm, heart attacks, or even a rare rupture of the coronary artery, kill about two in 100 patients.

At the New England Medical Center Hospital's pediatric unit in Boston, where Jeffrey was treated, and elsewhere, doctors are trying to find the cause of the disease, and its cure, by taking blood, spinal fluid and skin samples. Some are examined immediately, others frozen for future study. For now, says Jeffrey's physician, Richard Meade III, doctors confronted by a youngster with odd symptoms might "think of Kawasaki." ■

Capsules

HOPE FOR DES DAUGHTERS

During the 1940s and 1950s as many as 4 million women took the synthetic hormone DES (diethylstilbestrol) to prevent miscarriages. But by 1971 doctors had unequivocal evidence that the drug produced worrisome cervical abnormalities in the women's female children. Now, after a five-year study of DES daughters, a team at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital has encouraging news: two types of DES-linked cervical lesions in these offspring apparently disappear in time and do not seem to be precancerous.

Beth Israel researchers observed 178 DES daughters, some of them from puberty. Initially, 121 had cervical ectopy, a condition in which misplaced glandular tissue grows on the cervix. But subsequent examinations revealed that this tissue was being replaced gradually; in many of the young women the ectopy disappeared. At the start of the study, 123 women had fibrous ridges growing around their cervical walls; this "hood" later receded in 52% and vanished in 28%. But the good news has a bad side. If DES daughters lose their abnormal cervical "markers" and neglect checkups, doctors may not monitor them for another problem linked to the hormone: a high risk of pregnancies ending in premature birth.

WEALTH FOR THE HEALTHY

Confronted by repeated rises in the cost of his California district's health insurance plan and by lower revenues stemming from the state's tax-cutting Proposition 13, Assistant School Superintendent Ed Nickerman of Mendocino County knew he had to cut these bills. But how? After six months of campaigning, he persuaded the county school board to adopt his idea: the district's 165 school employees would be rewarded to stay well.

Nickerman's health incentive scheme works by annually crediting each participant with $500 in a credit union account. The employee can use the money to pay medical bills; any expenses above $500 are covered by Blue Shield. Thus the plan resembles a typical deductible program, with a difference: any money left over at the end of a year belongs to the employee, to be collected upon retirement or as severance pay. Interest on principal goes to the school district's insurance fund. Since the stay-well program began in 1979, employees have become extremely cautious about running to the doctor. With reason: if a teacher remains in the district's employ for just three years, say, and draws only $50 a year for medical bills, he will receive a bonus of $1,350 when he quits. The school board profits too. By investing the deductible money in short-term Government notes, it has already earned $400. ■

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Of Raikes and Ragamuffins

Sunday schools turn 200 and are showing their age

Two centuries ago, a plumpish, well-dressed man went about the slums of Gloucester, England, inquiring "if there were any decent, well-disposed women in the neighborhood." The man was Robert Raikes, a rich philanthropist and newspaper publisher. He was looking for women who were "well disposed" to teach reading, and he found four of them. For a fee of a shilling, he later recalled, they agreed to take "as many children as I should send them upon the Sundays."

Philanthropist Raikes

The children met in private homes. They studied the entire day, starting at 10 in the morning, with an hour's break at noon, followed by church worship and classes until 5:30 p.m. If they used the Bible it was as a means to learn reading. And if they met on Sunday, that was because it was the only day they had free. For Raikes' protégés were children of England's new industrial poor. They had no schools. Six days a week, starting at age seven, they worked in the local pin mills, sometimes for 15 hours a day.

Raikes hoped that a little bit of learning might help these "ragamuffins" to better themselves in life. Yet his attempt at social progress was criticized in the press as subversive to the "peace and tranquility which constitute the happiness of society." Even churchmen excoriated the new schools as a violation of the Sabbath. One clergyman, however, a Methodist named John Wesley, took a different view. "Who knows," Wesley wrote in 1784, "but what some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians."

One half of Raikes' humane idea eventually grew into the English free school system. The other half fully lived up to Wesley's prediction. Especially in America. Into the 1950s, some 90% of the Protestant Church's new members came from Sunday schools. Millions of Americans can recall weekly church-basement Bible sessions, with their choruses of *Jesus Loves Me*, Christmas pageants acted by angels with dusty bathrobes, and piggy banks crammed with pennies for the poor.

These memories are not always happy, of course. One person may remember only that in the first grade he thought the books of the Bible were named after four odiously well-behaved Sunday school classmates named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. A second can still summon up the sense of majesty and magic that came upon first hearing of the escape from Egypt and the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. William Willimon, now teaching at Duke University's divinity school, fondly looks back on a "church that still believed that Christians were made, not born, and that someone had to get with you, for at least an hour on Sunday morning, or you would not make it."

Making a placemat for Mother

Angels with dusty bathrobes.

Today the National Council of Churches likes to boast that Sunday schools are still the nation's biggest volunteer enterprise, with a total enrollment of 35.6 million (27.1 million Protestant, 8.5 million Catholic). Still, if Wesley were alive, he would be glum. Except for conservative churches like the Southern Baptists, who are doing well, Sunday school participation has dropped by almost 25% in the past ten years. "Main-line" Protestant churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, have been worst hit. Says California's Institute for American Church Growth: "The Sunday school is in a desperate struggle for its very existence."

The reasons cited are familiar to anyone who has wondered about the decline of U.S. education generally. Teachers are inadequate. Children distracted by television are not interested in book learning. And there are the accumulated influences of modern life, ranging from divorce and the decline of the family to lack of religious conviction and the desire to sleep late on Sunday. Some feel that watered-down liberalism has driven serious parents away. Yet modern attempts to replace Bible stories with complicated theology can confuse young children. A five-year-old girl, wrestling with the concept of transubstantiation, asked: "If I eat the wafer, will it bleed?" Some churches have given up on teaching teenagers. Even in the lower grades, when children love storytelling and are at their most impressionable, Sunday school programs sometimes degenerate into weekend playpens whose inmates kill time filling in biblical coloring books. Offering "one cheer for the 200-year-old Sunday school," Church Historian Martin Marty describes the prevalent stereotype, parents who drop their children off for a "weekly spiritual pit stop."

A child practices praying

A weekly spiritual pit stop.

All manner of experiments are being tried. Some churches have switched Sunday school to Wednesday evening so it will not interfere with the weekend. Classes are held in private homes instead of in church, a throwback to Raikes' original idea of setting up a school wherever the students are. Perhaps more significant, in Brookline, Mass., Rector W. Christian Koch has quadrupled Sunday school attendance at All Saints Episcopal Church by integrating the school with the regular Sunday service: children sit with their parents, then depart during the sermon for 45 minutes of instruction. They return for the offertory, prayer of consecration and Communion. "Being included," Koch insists, "teaches the children more than 10,000 Sunday school lessons could." Koch's program, like the practice of the thriving Baptist Sunday schools, seems to bear out one fact: lesson plans, visual aids, outings are all well and good, but Sunday schools cannot flourish if parents do not go to church with their children. Worship has to be a family experience. ■

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The Buddha and a surfeit of demons in *The Monkey King Fights the 18 Lo Hans*

China's Whirling Kaleidoscope

Peking opera somersaults into the Met

There ought to be a word to describe Peking opera, but there isn't, and for a very good reason: it is unique in all the world; no theatrical or musical experience in the West is remotely comparable. It is ballet, gymnastics, circus, mime, silent movie and, to a degree, even opera. Most of all, it is spectacle—dazzling sights, exotic sounds, strange but engrossing stories. A few members of this troupe gave a sampling of the art in 1978. Now a full company from the Peking Opera Theater is presenting the broad and impressive range of the repertory. Last week it began a ten-city, twelve-week tour in Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera house; it will go from there to Philadelphia Aug. 25, travel on to such places as Los Angeles and Chicago and end its run in Boston Nov. 2.

The company is presenting eight separate productions, with no more than three in any one night. Trying to gauge the tastes of American audiences, and their tolerance for the alien sounds of Chinese singing and musical instruments, the American organizers have chosen the most come-at-able works in the repertory, cutting even those when they seemed to go on too long.

One that did not need to be cut by more than five minutes is the comic *The Monkey King Fights the 18 Lo Hans* (demons), which is taken from a legendary novel. The Monkey King, according to the story, has been making a nuisance of himself in heaven; for his misdeeds he is consigned to a fiery furnace. Like Brer Rabbit in another legend, that seems to be just what he wanted, however, and he emerges from the flames with supernatural strength.

The Jade Emperor appeals for help to the Buddha, who sends 18 demons to put an end to all the monkeyshines. The Monkey King (Li Yuanchun) meets them all and, in pantomime scenes worthy of Chaplin and Keaton, sends them tumbling. He takes one demon's weapon and twirls it on one finger, like a gyroscope; he grabs another one and flicks it away with his heel. No one in heaven or earth can touch this hilarious spirit of riot and disorder, and peace comes only when he finds his way home to the Flower-Fruit Mountain. Equally funny is another bit of pantomime, *The Three-Forked Crossroad*. In a case of mistaken identities at a country inn, two men simulate a sword fight in the dark. Squinting through the supposed gloom, they swipe at one another, only rarely touching in this intricate game of peek and duck.

A more serious tale is *Yan Dang Mountain*. A peasant uprising in the 7th century has put the Sui dynasty on the defensive, forcing a retreat to Yan Dang Mountain. The forces of yellow (the empire) and blue (the peasants) clash in a kaleidoscope of acrobatic encounters, until finally the rebels vault over the defending walls and capture the stronghold. The athletic skills displayed in this and other parts of the program could win gold medals in a dozen Olympics, and the brilliantly garbed Chinese players have discovered what may be a new art form—the somersault. They do fast flip-flops and they do slow ones; they can do almost anything with their bodies, defying both gravity and anatomy. A more gorgeous display of costumes and gymnastics has probably never before been presented onstage.

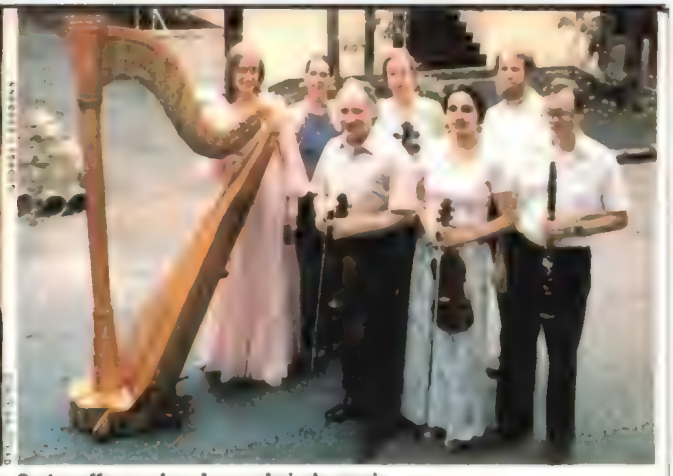
Less exciting, but no less exotic is a more static number, *The Jade Bracelet*. A young scholar (Fu Peng) passes the door of a farmer's daughter (Zhao Yanxia) and starts the usual boy-meets-girl talk. The situation progresses, and they burst into song, both in falsetto, until a matchmaker comes along and provides the mandatory happy ending.

Other works, like *The White Snake* and *The Goddess of the Green Ripples*, combine singing and acrobatics and seem less successful—or at least less accessible. Chinese singing, even when done well, as it obviously is by the Peking stars, sounds curiously bland and uninviting to untutored ears. A combination of the best productions, however, is a marvel for eye, mind and ear as well.

Considering the outrages it suffered during the Cultural Revolution, the fact that the Peking company exists at all is a kind of miracle. Mao Tse-tung's wife, the arrogant and mischievous Jiang Qing (Chiang Ch'ing), barred all classical productions as antirevolutionary, and a major artist like the enchanting Zhao Yanxia had to spend five years planting wheat in the provinces. Thankfully, Jiang herself has now fallen out of favor, and Zhao and her colleagues can now delight Americans, as they and their predecessors have been thrilling the Chinese for generations. —*By Gerald Clarke*

The victorious rebel leader in *Yan Dang Mountain*

A movable feast: the Monadnock Players in rehearsal



Gretna offers cedars, Ives and wineberry pie

Music

Sounds of a Summer Night

Notes from six of the best—and smallest—U.S. music festivals

"Tanglewood, who needs it!" snorted Ardys Hepple, senior assistant manager of interim room bookings for Terpsichore Travel ("Always on Our Toes to Serve You"). Hepple was bent on spending her three-week paid vacation in vigorous pursuit of music. "The hills are alive!" she insisted, adding that she intended "to hit six of the best little festivals and fill you guys in." She outfitted her 1950 Nash Rambler (the kind with the reclining seats) for a cross-country haul, cooked up a supply of stew for her husband Algis, who had to stay behind to take care of the cats, and took enough stamps to mail postcards, which are reprinted here.

Marlow, N.H.: Caught up with Monadnock Music on the second floor of the town library. Sat next to a Mrs. Thelma Babbitt from neighboring Hancock, N.H., who whispered, "It's a great asset to hear this quality music without having to go to Boston." The musicians —who are quite accomplished and mostly from Boston—played a Roussel serenade, a Debussy sonata and a Bartók quartet. The festival plays a six-week series of concerts in churches and town halls all over some 650 square miles of the Monadnock region. Kind of a movable feast, you know.

South Worthington, Mass.: The Sevenars Festival, so called because the Schrade family who founded and sustains it all have first names beginning with *R*, is held in an acoustically perfect auditorium that was once a gymnasium. Even though the Schrades (both Manhattan music teachers) are having festival financial troubles, the spirit is lively and the concerts even more so. Donations are voluntary ($4 suggested), and there's free punch and cookies at the intermission. Heard some Beethoven, Haydn, Rachmaninoff, as well as a kaddish by an Israeli composer named Stutschewsky. Sure would like to stay out the week here, but must move on.

Mount Gretna, Pa.: "Music at Gretna" is held in the old Chautauqua Playhouse, under a dome that rests on 20 cedar trunks. That old dome has had Ives and Bartók bounced off it as well as Chopin and Vivaldi. Run by Carl and Erica Ellenberger (she is a piano teacher; he is a neuro-ophthalmologist), Gretna draws professional musicians who want to play chamber music and sample Erica's wineberry pie. The audiences are kind of short on young people, though. Next year they're going to try more jazz concerts.

Central City, Colo.: Forty miles west of Denver is the Central City Opera, which runs on a yearly budget of over a million (not mine—joke!) and stages very professional productions of operas by everyone from Donizetti to Marschner. No, I don't know who he is, either. I overheard the artistic director, Robert Darling, say that "with our acoustics, we can produce Mozart better than the Met." Well, I don't know, but they did O.K. by Marschner.

Jackson Hole, Wyo.: Paradise! The Grand Teton Music Festival is held in a region that offers white-water rafting, ballooning, fishing and hiking. And on the stage (inside a 65-ft.-high hall that seats 900) they have everything this year from Brahms' *Requiem* with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir (all of them) to Cham-Ber Huang, "the Paganini of the harmonica." The festival director, Ling Tung, says, "Here the audience becomes part of us." I know I must be getting close to California.

Chamber ensemble alfresco in the Grand Tetons

Aptos, Calif.: And here I am, 85 miles south of San Francisco, where the Cabrillo Music Festival performs traditional (Scarlatti, Schubert) and modern (Virgil Thomson, John Cage) in any setting they can find, from the Santa Cruz campus to the mission of San Juan Bautista. The festival has to scrape along, but musicians—everyone from Keith Jarrett to Dave Brubeck to some symphony orchestra pros from the Bay Area—are happy to come for free housing and a small per diem. (Smaller even than my daily salary!) The 65 orchestra players in sports shirts look like the folks who wait on you in health-food restaurants. I guess that means it's time to come home. Will Terpsichore Travel pay gas mileage? Love, Ardys. ■

When the Going Was Good

ABROAD: BRITISH LITERARY TRAVELING BETWEEN THE WARS
by Paul Fussell; Oxford; 246 pages; $14.95

The urge to get away from it all grips everyone now and then, and the jet airliner has made most of the world accessible. Or has it? Author Paul Fussell, 56, thinks not: "I am assuming that travel is now impossible and that tourism is all we have left." The statement seems, at first, absurd: more people are going more places than ever before. But Fussell argues convincingly that there are too many of them, and that no one is doing it the right way: "Perhaps the closest one could approach an experience of travel in the old sense today would be to drive in an aged automobile with doubtful tires through Rumania or Afghanistan without hotel reservations and to get by on terrible French."

Abroad is a graceful elegy to travel in the old sense, which involved much more than missed connections and dubious food. Fussell quotes approvingly Samuel Johnson's dictum that "the use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." There was a time when people went out into the world not knowing what they would find. Instead of cameras, they carried notebooks and writing implements. They wrote about what they had never seen before for people who would probably never see it at all.

Such literary journeying reached epidemic proportions during the '20s and '30s. It would be easier to list English authors who did not write travel books during the period than to name all those who did. These included D.H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, E.M. Forster, George Orwell, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood and Evelyn Waugh, among scores of others. The English had always been energetic travelers; the Empire had seen to that. But Fussell thinks that the modern exodus that began in 1918 was different and that the chief difference was World War I.

Trench warfare was ghastly enough to make any of its freezing, frightened participants yearn for almost any kind of escape. As for those who were restricted to England for the duration, the climate, which had once seemed a mild test of pluck and heartiness, began to seem intolerable. What Fussell calls the "I Hate It Here" syndrome became rampant, particularly among writers, malcontents at the best of times. When getting away finally became possible again, many left seeking not just adventure but permanent exile.

While the war inspired wanderlust, it also made travel a more complicated and anxious business. The passport, which had hardly existed in Europe before 1915, became ubiquitous. Fussell argues that this intervention by the state amounted to more than a bureaucratic inconvenience: "So small a phenomenon as the passport picture is an example of something tiny which has powerfully affected the modern sensibility, assisting that anxious self-awareness, that secret but overriding self-contempt, which we recognize as attaching uniquely to the world of P frock and Joseph K. and Malone." In a dition, the war left Europe with a bev dering new set of national boundari images of border crossings began cropp up in literature. Writes Fussell: "The w to imitate an early Auden poem is to as many frontiers into it as possible."

As he demonstrated in the classic *Great War and Modern Mem* (1975), Fussell has the rare ability to m between literary and social criticism wi out stumbling. He is equally adept at plaining the rise of sun worship in the or at arguing that the travel books of period deserve attention as works of n rative art. Some of the volumes he li best are no longer in print, a sad situat that his own book may help remedy. single passage by Evelyn Waugh in *Lal* is more than enough to justify all t roaming around that so many did: "I not think I shall ever forget the sight Etna at sunset; the mountain almost in ible in a blur of pastel grey, glowing on top and then repeating its shape, though reflected, in a wisp of grey smc with the whole horizon behind radi with pink light, fading gently into a g pastel sky. Nothing I have seen in Art Nature was quite so revolting."

What began after one war ended w another. Travel writers were gradu displaced by foreign correspondents, e ica gave way to political realities. Fus likes to sound crotchety about the infe modern substitute for travel, but he kn it is too late to deny people Disneylan twelve nights and 13 days of prepacka fun. His book is a fitting substitute for real thing; it is a journey in time and spa offering the serendipitous pleasures of open road. —*By Paul G*

An ocean liner leaves port, trailing extravagant celebration, as World War I ends

The English climate, which had once seemed a mild test of pluck, began to feel intolerable.

Excerpt

"Sedulously avoiding the standard sights is probably the best method of disguising your touristhood. In London one avoids Westminster Abbey and heads instead for the Earl of Burlington's eighteenth-century villa at Chiswick. In Venice one must walk by circuitous smelly back passages far out of one's way to avoid being seen in the Piazza San Marco . . . Each tourist center has its interdicted zone: in Rome you avoid the Spanish Steps . . . in Paris the Deux Magots and the whole Boul' Mich area in Nice the Promenade des Anglais in Egypt Giza with its excessively popular pyramids . . . in Hawaii Waikiki. Avoiding Waikiki brings up the whole question of why one's gone to Hawaii at all, but that's exactly the problem."

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Books

Notable

BELLEFLEUR
by Joyce Carol Oates
Dutton; 558 pages; $12.95

"We have no choice but to be Americans now," says Raphael Bellefleur, descendant of French aristocrats and now the owner of a baronial estate in the New World. But what *is* an American? The question has provoked writers as diverse as Henry James and Gertrude Stein, and it haunts Joyce Carol Oates throughout this vast seven-generation epic. That is not all that haunts her. Oates' twelfth novel informs the occult with Freudian insights. Boys change into hounds, men into bears; a man, swallowed by a great flood, returns decades later to be recognized only by his 100-year-old wife. One of the Bellefleurs has a habit of leaving her window open so that her lover, a vampire, can fly in. Dwarfs bowl in the valleys, rivers change course, mountains shrink, and a man walks through a mirror so that, like Orpheus, he can enter the netherworld and find his own version of Eurydice.

In the past, Oates' touch has often been too heavy to sustain her fantasies. Ironically, in the *barocco* world of *Bellefleur* she is deft and self-assured. Even her contrived ending cannot mar a work that immeasurably enriches the 200-year-old tradition of the gothic novel.

VICTORIAN WORKING WOMEN: PORTRAITS FROM LIFE
by Michael Hiley
Godine; 142 pages; $17.50

In 1859, when he was 30, the wealthy Victorian Arthur Munby took upon himself a singular task: the detailed observation of women engaged in manual labor. Until his death in 1910, Munby faithfully made his rounds, traveling to Yorkshire fishing villages, to Welsh coal fields and, on occasion, to France and Belgium. The result of this avocation is a series of richly drawn portraits. Editor Michael Hiley has sifted through voluminous notes to provide a gallery of dustwomen, fishergirls, sackmakers, brickmakers and collier girls, complete with a sense of their accents, labor conditions, social attitudes, even the texture and color of their working costumes.

Munby admired "the beauty of manual labor"—so much so that he carried on a 19-year courtship with Hannah Cullwick, a maid-of-all-work, the lowliest of domestic servants (they were married in 1873, but Munby could never bring himself publicly to acknowledge the union).

He also appreciated the physical strength the women possessed. Waiting with Yorkshire fishergirls at the top of a 150-ft. cliff, from which they would descend to gather bait on the rocky shore

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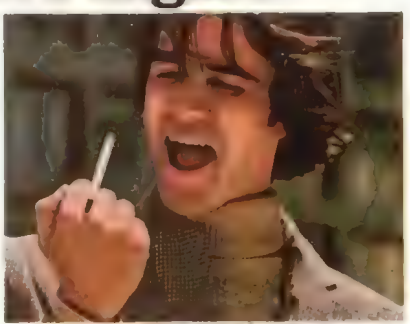

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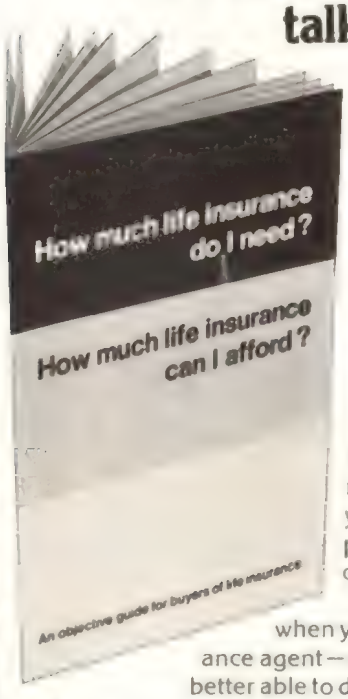

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Books

Woman collier in Lancashire, 1886

Condemned to penury and obscurity.

below, he observed, "At last the rope at our feet began to tremble again. Instantly Molly and Nan started up, saying 'Wa mun gan an' help 'em,' these fearless lasses seized the rope, and before I could speak a word, began to run, Molly first, head-foremost down the dizzy slope of rock, until they both disappeared over the edge of the cliff wall below. I, the man of the party, was left in a ridiculous position; a useless spectator of these vigorous athletics." Still, he was scrupulous in noting the harshness of women's work and its often paltry wages. Kitty, for example, was a typical milkgirl who spent her life walking "her rounds *every* day, carrying through London streets her yoke and pails and her 48 quarts of milk, in all weathers, rain or fair." Kitty and her colleagues were condemned to penury and obscurity. But history has its own methods of compensation: a century later, the notes and photographs of a neglected Victorian have given the author and his subjects a fresh stature and dignity

THE SPIKE
by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss; Crown; 374 pages; $12.95

Bob Hockney, crusading '60s journalist, is determined to expose his country's sins. The New Left Candide journeys abroad, uncovering scandals right and farther right—only to find that all of his anti-American scoops have been supplied by the Soviets. Nick Flower, former head of U.S. counterintelligence, explains: The KGB supports a worldwide "disinformation" network, including a Washington-based think tank. Its function: to churn out propaganda blaming the cold war on American intransigence and to place radicals on the staff of corn pone President Billy Connor.

The newly enlightened hero hunts down Soviet agents with all the skills he once employed against the CIA. But when he presents his exposé to a New York newspaper, the editors grow icy. For they too are dupes of the Soviets, fearful of blackmail, or too ignorant to care. Hockney's story is temporarily "spiked," but the authors are too canny to make their thriller a downer. In a denouement that might please Senator Moynihan, all KGB cooperatives are flushed out of Government and journalism, and the sun sets on a happy, spy-free nation. Only a Martian would fail to spot the real characters in this *roman à clef*, among them Zbigniew Brzezinski, James Angleton, former counterintelligence chief, and a flock of other federal celebrities. But only a moon rock could fail to be intrigued by the book that has occasioned more gossip in Washington than Billy Carter's Libyan connection.

CONSUMING PASSIONS
by Peter Farb and George Armelagos Houghton Mifflin; 279 pages; $12.95

Animals feed; humans eat. And the process of eating defines cultures and personalities. As the late Peter Farb and his collaborator George Armelagos indicate, "Food and drink have such intense emotional significance that they are often linked with events that have nothing to do with nutrition. The perpetrators of the Boston Tea Party were angry not over tea but over taxation; the breadline and apple-sellers of the Great Depression became symbols of what was wrong with the economy ... the civil-rights movement ... during the 1950s began as a dispute about the right of blacks not simply to eat at lunch counters but to sit down there with whites ..." The interrelation of men and menus has filled hundreds of texts. But none of them have digested so many facts so well. Wittily, the authors explain why Muslims eschew pork (pigs would have been an ecological disaster in the Middle East) and why chicken soup—so-called Jewish penicillin—really does help to cure a cold (it comforts nasal passages). They show why Chinese drink no milk, discuss the Aztec hunger for human flesh (people who ate people were the victims of protein deficiency) and explain why Africa's Bemba society would collapse into chaos without beer (a major source of nourishment as well as a ceremonial beverage). *Consuming Passions* may not make consumers appreciate the Chinese taste for sea slugs or the African appetite for insects. But most of its hors d'oeuvres and entrées will make any reader grateful that man does not—and never did—live by bread alone. ■

Peter Farb

Some societies would collapse without beer.

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Soldier's Embrace, *Nadine Gordimer* • Consenting Adults or The Duchess Will Be Furious, *Peter De Vries* • Joshua Then and Now *Mordecai Richler* • Music for Chameleons, *Truman Capote* Rough Strife, *Lynne Sharon Schwartz* • The Magic Labyrinth, *Philip José Farmer* • The Second Coming, *Walker Percy*

NONFICTION: China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* • Heartsounds *Martha Weinman Lear* • Kipling, Auden & Co., *Randall Jarrell* Laughing in the Hills, *Bill Barich* Lyndon, *Merle Miller* • Nature and Culture, *Barbara Novak* Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1 Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (1 last week)*
2 The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (7)*
3 Random Winds, *Plain (2)*
4 The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (3)*
5 Princess Daisy, *Krantz (4)*
6 The Ninja, *Lustbader (6)*
7 Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch (5)*
8 No Love Lost, *Van Slyke*
9 Solo, *Higgins*
10. Firestarter, *King*

NONFICTION

1 Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
2 Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (4)*
3 Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (3)*
4 Shelley, *Winters (2)*
5 Nothing Down, *Allen (5)*
6 Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock*
7 The Real War, *Nixon (6)*
8 Men in Love, *Friday (7)*
9 How to Get Pregnant, *Silber (8)*
10 The Psychology of Romantic Love, *Branden (10)*

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Dr. Gordon's Serious Thinkers

The granddaddy of summer science seminars may be the best

Colby-Sawyer College in New London, N.H., has the look of a typical New England campus in summer session. Small groups of students sprawl on smooth lawns, chat in the green shade of old maple trees, and stroll among rosy brick and crisp white clapboard buildings. But this is no typical summer school. The students are somewhat longer of tooth and thicker of waist than the average undergraduate, and their chatter is about polymers and photoconduction, magnetic resonance and spectroscopy. They are participants in one of the Gordon Research Conferences, possibly the oldest and most eminent floating brain trust in the world.

Neil Gordon

From June through August, a different conference is held each week at Colby and seven other New Hampshire schools and colleges. The sessions attract elite government, industry and academic scientists who come to talk about a wide range of chemistry-related ideas. The information exchanged is often at the cutting edge of experimentation and a full two to three years away from general dissemination.

The meetings are the brainchild of a Johns Hopkins University chemistry professor, the late Neil Gordon, who was dissatisfied with the standard ways of transmitting scientific information: either through learned journals or at conferences organized strictly for academic or industrial chemists. Gordon wanted a small group of scientists to meet in a secluded and relaxed setting that would foster a free give and take. The first meeting in 1931 was a simple summer seminar open to Hopkins faculty and students, but the concept grew quickly. There are now about 100 Gordon conferences a year attended by more than 12,000 scientists. Sometimes as many as 500 researchers apply to attend a single meeting, though only about 100 are chosen. Nobel prizewinners often come, while about half the attendees are fresh new faces, presumably with fresh new ideas.

The topics are selected with a view to a sort of "critical mass" theory of knowledge: the notion that enough information on a particular subject has accumulated to explode into new experiments and discoveries. Says Drug Researcher Nathan Sperber, chairman of this year's meeting on medicinal chemistry: "We try to organize sessions in areas that are just about to break open. Ideally the person working on a particular project hasn't reported on his or her work elsewhere."

In 1973 an area that was just breaking was genetic engineering or recombinant DNA. That year, at a session on nucleic acids, researchers first voiced what was to become a national concern over the technology's possible dangers in creating new life forms. Among the most pregnant research areas taken up at this year's Gordon conferences: the structure and function of "endogenous opiates," pain-killing chemicals produced by the body itself, and the new field of bioelectrochemistry that is beginning to draw attention with the recent discovery that electric currents sometimes help knit stubborn bone fractures.

In keeping with Gordon's philosophy, formal sessions are held only mornings and evenings: afternoons are left free for tennis, sailing, swimming, golf, private study and, above all, talk. The most popular activities are canoeing and hiking, simply because, unlike most other sports, these allow one to talk and exercise at the same time. In contrast, many of today's scientific meetings are harried impersonal affairs attended by thousands of researchers and conducted amid the distractions of big cities or flossy resorts. Says Chemist Christopher Walsh of M.I.T.: "The best thing I get out of the Gordon conferences is a chance to talk to someone for a solid two hours."

There are more concrete results. Collaborations are fostered. After hearing the latest news, researchers often reorder their priorities or entirely redesign their experiments. James Florini, chairman of the biology of aging session at Proctor Academy in Andover, learned that a particular way of studying muscle structure in rats was unsuitable for his experiments. Says he: "That information probably saved us a year of work."

The exchange of information is freer because no pressure, no publicity and no need to publish is involved. Journalists are not allowed to attend actual conferences. No papers or reports by scientists come out of Gordon meetings. Tape recorders are strictly forbidden in order to encourage participants to indulge in broad speculations or predictions. Housing is spartan, at least in comparison with plush and costly conferences given at places like the Aspen Institute or the Las Vegas Hilton: a room with a bed, chest of drawers and, with luck, a reading lamp. No private baths, TV, telephones or air conditioning. This summer at Proctor, one scientist sleeping with his door propped open was consulted by a skunk on a nocturnal research project.

From the very beginning, in the interest of liberation, Gordon decreed that no jackets or neckties were to be worn. Today this is perfectly normal. In the early years, however, says Gordon Conferences Director Alexander Cruickshank, when the conferences were still small and could be held at the staid Gibson Island Club in Chesapeake Bay, the scientists' casual attire drew frequent complaints from correctly garbed patrons. Viewing the conferees strolling *en déshabillé* along the lawn, one disapproving dowager remarked, "Who are those people?" "Oh," replied her companion, "those are Dr. Gordon's serious thinkers." ***—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Suzanne Wymelenberg/New London, N.H.***

During an afternoon break at New Hampshire's Lake Sunapee, scientists keep talking

A paucity of creature comforts, but no lack whatsoever of ideas.

America Needs a Poet Laureate, Maybe

Theoretically, all of the pinwheeling spectacle and clamor of American politics ought to be raw material for an art form a little more complex and reflective than television. Mao Tse-tung, for example, interminably turned his Chinese struggles into poetry. But American politics and poetry have never been able to form a lasting relationship. Oh, Ted Kennedy quotes the passage of Tennyson that his brothers admired, and Eugene McCarthy likes to write verse, often of the pointlessly enigmatic kind ("I am alone/ In the land of the aardvarks ..."). John Kennedy had Robert Frost read at his Inauguration, and Jimmy Carter asked similar service of James Dickey. But, on the whole, Americans have preferred Plato's approach: he banned poets from his Republic.

For many reasons, that may be just as well. Poetry that labors as power's mythmaking flunky is depressing and possibly dangerous. Still, a ritual like the American presidential campaign might be more fun, and certainly more preposterous, with a ceremonial conversion into verse. What if Americans followed the British example, if they had a laureate to bang out clerihews and odes—a little something to mark a President's ten-point jump in the polls, a sonnet for renomination, and so on?

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY VICTOR JUHASZ

The British have aged and mellowed their institution of poet laureate for three centuries. Some who read the effusions of the present laureate, Sir John Betjeman, think that the process is better described as decay. Two weeks ago, when the Queen Mother turned 80, Sir John released a poem of celebration: "We are your people,/ Millions of us greet you/ On this your birthday/ Mother of our Queen." This defiantly wooden psalming was merely average Betjeman. Years ago, the death of King George V inspired the young Betjeman to a soaring metaphysical conception: "Spirits of well-shot woodcock, partridge, snipe/ Flutter and bear him up the Norfolk sky." Over the years, Sir John's verses have aroused almost demented indignation, but the laureate amiably dismisses his critics as "silly asses who don't understand poetry." He is partly right. Most of it, almost by some subconscious design, would make Hallmark cards sound like John Donne.

Excellent poets (Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Masefield), as well as bad ones, have served as poet laureate, yet the job has virtually never called forth any verse more memorable than the sort of decoratively obsequious doggerel that a well-educated butler might compose. The most enduringly dreadful lines were penned by the spellbound and earnest Alfred Austin in the late 19th century. Austin, author of "Leszko the Bastard, a Tale of Polish Grief," auditioned for the laureate's post with a marvelously stupefying couplet on the illness of the Prince of Wales: "Across the wires the electric message came:/ 'He is no better. He is much the same.' " Occasional verse itself, poetry on demand, almost always leads to things like that. It would be difficult for any poet, laureate or not, to surpass the Englishman Samuel Carter's "Paean" to the London sewer system: "Magnificent, too, is the system of drains,/ Exceeding the far-spoken wonders of old/ ... Well did the ancient proverb lay down this important text/ That cleanliness for human weal to godliness is next."

America has never tried a national poet laureate, mostly because the thing smacks of titles, of poets groveling before lords and trying to dress up hereditary idiots in velvet prosody. But perhaps the U.S. should reconsider. At least 17 states now have poets laureate. Most of them are regional talents, often amateurs; a few, like Richard Eberhardt (New Hampshire) and Gwendolyn Brooks (Illinois), are distinguished poets.

Poetry has long been regarded in America as unprofitable and sissy. A laureateship would be a way to give the craft some livelier hormones. It might also serve to draw poetry more into public realms, out of the excruciating and quivering privacy in which it now abides. To avoid the English laureate's hobbling obsequiousness, an American laureate would have to be guaranteed his independence. But beware of a lifelong appointment, like one to the Supreme Court; it might make a poet fatuous, "official" and eventually senile.

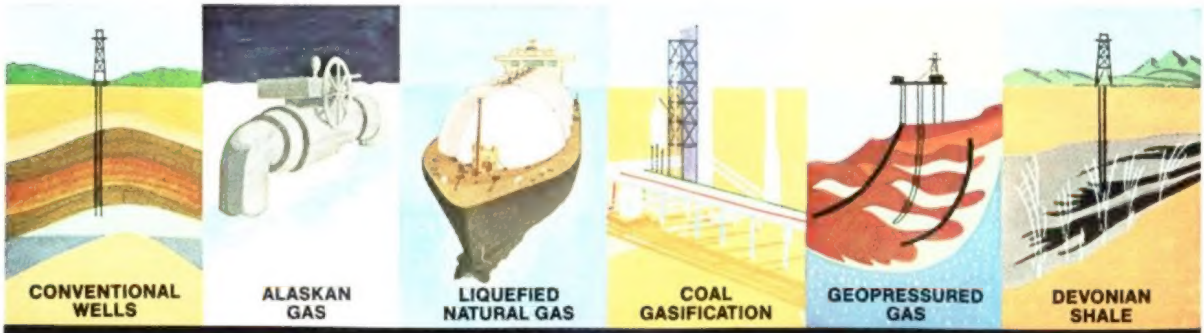
Why not have a candidate for poet laureate run on every presidential ticket? The poet would be granted a guarantee of immunity, like Lear's Fool, to criticize Government policy as he wishes. The plan might open up an interesting game: select the poet who goes with the President. Thus James Dickey probably would belong more with Lyndon Johnson than with Carter; Rod McKuen might be Carter's bard (although the President's favorite poet, officially, is Dylan Thomas). Ronald Reagan's lyricist might have been the late Oscar Hammerstein II; he would have to pick another. Eisenhower's? Edgar Guest. J.F.K.'s? Another lyricist, perhaps: Alan Jay Lerner. Harry Truman's? Edgar Lee Masters. Richard Nixon's? Imamu Baraka (formerly Leroi Jones). Eugene McCarthy's? Eugene McCarthy.

Americans might even honor the exuberant, slightly bizarre poetry of their commercial muse. Two or three generations ago, the national laureate might have been the anonymous bard who wrote the Burma Shave roadside quatrains ("In this vale/ Of toil and sin/ Your head grows bald/ But not your chin/ Burma Shave.") The beer commercial ("You've danced all day on a pool of fire," or some such: "Now Comes Miller Time!") has invented a sort of macho haiku that might turn into a national verse form.

Would the idea of a national laureate savor too much of those Graustarkian palace uniforms that Richard Nixon once ordered to dress up the White House guards? Probably. But if Jimmy Carter had had a troubadour to sing his occasions, his Sir John might, for better or worse, have erupted in celebration last week:

He bested Ted as once he beat the killer rabbit,
down in the chigger latitudes. He smiles (force of habit)
and meditates upon the Garden, like some mildly
triumphant parson.
Nearly four years pass behind his eyes:
golden days, cardigan days, Billy Beer days; the abrupt
surprise
of Russian nastiness and the South Bronx ghettos.
His reveries sweep to Jordan's squirted Amarettos
(a fancy drink for a good ole boy) and Vance and Lance,
and jogger's tibia
and all the money Billy made for being friends with Libya.
But nothing can efface the joy of this renomination.
(Well, almost nothing: here comes the killer rabbit again,
rising from the congregation.)

—By Lance Morrow



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